

THE



THE MAGAZINE OF UPTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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HEADMASTER'S REPORT

It is now three years since Upton Grammar School was founded, and in spite of those initial uncertainties we are now a well established and very popular co-educational grammar school.

We commenced the autumn term 1984 with 687 pupils on roll. Of these 196 were sixth formers and 133 newcomers at the 12+ stage.

In September we were pleased to welcome three new members of staff Miss S.A. Rogers, Mrs. A.E. Barnes and Mrs. P. Griffiths. Miss Rogers teaches French and Latin, and is a graduate of Royal Holloway College, London University. Mrs. Barnes joined us for the year to teach Geography and Geology, replacing Mrs. Hughes who is on secondment and following a course at Reading University. Mrs. Barnes trained at Portsmouth Polytechnic and Bristol University. Mrs. Griffiths teaches Home Economics part-time and is concerned mainly with the cookery side.

In October we were all very sorry to learn of the death of Mr. J. Ellis, who had held a part-time appointment in our Creative Design Technology Department.

The most significant change in the staff of the School to date came in December, when Deputy Head Mrs. I.J. Pejn left to become Head of the Sir William Herschel Grammar School. Mrs. Pejn has given splendid service as Deputy Head, first at Slough High School from 1979 until the merger in 1982, and then as one of the Deputies at Upton. We wish her continued success in her new post.

We warmly welcome Mrs. S. McCormack who succeeds Mrs. Pejn. Mrs. McCormack qualified at Bedford College, London University and was Head of the History Department at the Sutton Coldfield College of Further Education. Mrs. McCormack was unable to join us until April, and for the spring term Miss C. Darling was our Acting Deputy Head. Other effects of this post change were the need for temporary help in the Physical Education and History departments. This was supplied by Mrs. L. Hill and Mr. P. Crowter respectively.

At the end of the present school year we will be saying farewell to three very long serving Heads of Departments, Miss S.M. Saunderson, Mr. W.I.F. James, and Mr. R.M. Taylor.

Miss Saunderson joined the staff of Slough High School in 1947 to be in charge of the Geography Department. A stalwart member of staff, she has always had the interests of her pupils very much at heart. She is a mine of information about careers having built up her expertise over a good number of years. When the merger took place in 1982 Miss Saunderson remained at Twinkles Lane for a further year in charge of the Annexe, whilst still continuing her leadership of the Geography Department and advising the girls on careers. In addition, Miss Saunderson is a Senior Housemistress and one of our Teacher Governors.

Mr. James came to Slough Grammar School as Head of Modern Languages Department in 1968, from Newcastle upon Tyne where he had held a similar key post. With his wealth of experience he has organised his large department with skill and success. Mr. James is a Senior Housemaster and was a Teacher Governor for many years.

Mr. Taylor was appointed to Slough Grammar School in 1965 and became Head of the Mathematics Department in 1977. He has led with efficiency, and a measure of his success is the remarkable popularity of this important

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HEADMASTER'S REPORT (cont'd)

subject in the School, with more pupils studying it in the Sixth form than any other subject.

We thank our Modern Languages Assistants Mlle. G. Rangheard and Fraulein Schachtsiek, and hope they have enjoyed their year with us.

This year's Head Girl and Head Boy, Juliet Mountford and Simon Spence, have carried out their duties most effectively and have received good support from their Deputies Suzanne Dean and Christopher Stylianou.

Our congratulations to Kalid Barakat and Martin Delve on gaining entrance to Oxford University for 1985. Kalid has a place at Trinity College to read Medicine, and Martin will be studying Physics at Lady Margaret Hall. It is worth noting that no less than 50% of the 1984 62 leavers went on to study for degrees.

The first U.G.S. Speech Day was held on 21st September 1984. The main speaker was Mr. D.M. Stewart, Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. It proved to be a very enjoyable evening for all who packed the School Hall and we are grateful to the Parents' Association, who kindly paid for the prizes and refreshment.

Extra-curricular activities continue to thrive and full reports will appear elsewhere in the Swan.

Probably the most notable achievement this year in our wide variety of sport was that of the Soccer 1st XI who have retained the Berkshire Under-19 League title for the third successive year.

The Community Service Group has been very busy working at the Evelyn Fox School and assisting the old people. Their efforts have once again been recognised and helped with a much appreciated donation from the National Westminster Bank's "Project Respond".

Sponsored activities and collections have raised money for such good causes as the British Heart Foundation, Oxfam, Age Concern, R.N.L.I., Poppy Day, Princess Alexandra Rose Day, Ethiopia, and the School's adopted child in Mali, West Africa.

We value links with industry and for many years our students have benefited from the Understanding Industry courses, work experience, and the Young Enterprise Companies. This year a group of girls led by Alison Day and Amita Gupta took up a different, somewhat unusual challenge in the form of a national competition presented by the Engineering Industry Training Board. The object of the exercise was to encourage younger girls to take an interest in Science and Engineering. Alison and Amita were placed first for their project, by members of the Fawcett Society.

The traditional Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols held at St. Mary's Church was again well supported and gave great pleasure to parents and friends.

The School play this spring made great demands on the musical as well as the dramatic skills of the players. "Oh! What a Lovely War" was a remarkable success, and full houses enjoyed a happy combination of talent, enthusiasm and skilful production.

Less than a week after the School play we experienced, with some amusement, our first Talent Competition, organised by Milton House.

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HEADMASTER'S REPORT (cont'd)

The musical concert on 9th May further indicated the wealth of musical ability in the School.

Andrew Watts deserves special mention for his excellent contributions to all these musical and acting events.

Congratulations yet again to the Road Safety team who extended the School's hold on the District trophy to the seventeenth successive year. Also very successful have been the Crime Prevention Team and Public Speaking Junior and Senior groups who easily overcame all local opposition.

For the first time we have entered the British Computer Society's Contest, sponsored by Commodore. Having now won the South of England section our team will soon be taking part in the U.K. finals.

There has been ample opportunity for those wishing to participate in School trips, with visits to Snowdonia, Russia, Italy, France, Spain, and one to Cumbria yet to come.

The Parents' Association led by Chairman Dr. Dhatt has given splendid support to the School and very few pupils fail to benefit from their efforts. A highlight of their busy year was the Multi-cultural Evening on March 30th.

All in all, it has been another year of encouraging achievement for the members of Upton Grammar School, but at the time of completing my report we are staggered by the news of Dr. Long's death. A tribute to him follows in the magazine.

G.H. Painter.
Head Master.

* * *

DR. W.R.V. LONG

Dr. W.R.V. Long was Head Master of Slough Grammar School from 1952 until he retired in 1966.

He was a purposeful character and an ideal person to hold the reins of office from the days of scarcity after the war to the more affluent times of the mid-sixties. In those years the School grew in numbers and there was considerable development of the curriculum. The buildings were altered and extended to provide the new hall, gymnasium, laboratories, library and staff rooms. Slough Grammar School's achievements and reputation became widely recognised.

Those who served with Dr. Long speak of him as a man of many parts, interested in everything that men do, in music and the arts of stage and studio, well acquainted with history and science and knowledgeable of the workshop skills. He demanded nothing but the best from everyone.

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DR. W.R.V. LONG (cont'd)

We all respected his agile mind and were pleased that he maintained his keen interest in the School. He rarely missed a School play or musical event, sports' day or speech day. We last saw him at the School Play on March 28th.

Dr. Long had an exceptionally active retirement and greatly enjoyed the time he spent exploring other countries. In recent years he visited Australia and the Far East and the upper reaches of the Nile. He fell to his death in April on the slopes of Crete.

G.H.P.



DR. W. R. V. LONG
Headmaster of Slough Grammar School 1952—1966

Photograph by Hodgson

CAROL SERVICE AT ST. MARY'S

To sit in the quiet of a lofty and spacious church with tall pillars and high roof can be a restful experience in these troubled times. Add to these ingredients a dark December evening, a Christmas Tree, and the dimming of the lights as the service begins and you have the recipe for an experience which cannot be put into words. Those who went to the service of Nine Lessons and Carols will know what I am talking about - those who did not go might like to test my theory next time!

Atmosphere is important, but atmosphere can be enhanced or ruined by performance. Last December the atmosphere was enhanced by quality of excellence and sheer hard work in preparation - which comes as no surprise to those who know the exacting demands which Mr. Bower makes on others and on himself. Like all good musicians he is never satisfied and continually seeks for higher standards

The solo opening of "Once in Royal David's City" is always one of the highlights of this particular service and again we were not disappointed. The singing of the choir was excellent throughout and for the carols, we had a pleasant mixture of the old and the new. I found one of the modern carols particularly exciting. Our grateful thanks once again to the organist David Lacey who comes especially to accompany us each year. The two solo items from Handel sung by Andrew Watts were a memorable experience.

The standard of the lesson readings matched that of the singing of the choir. The readings were clear and distinct. It is sometimes forgotten that these and not the carols are the key to the service. We also, if I may be allowed to use such an expression, had two home-grown clergymen in attendance!

Each year a member of the School designs the programme and we are fortunate to have the talents of both Elena Cresto and Julie McKay.

We are grateful to the prefects for welcoming visitors at the door and for taking the collection. We are also grateful to the Rector for allowing us to use his beautiful church and to the members of the congregation who helped with the lighting and sound which made no little contribution to the excellence of the service.

The size of the congregation was a just reward to all who had worked so hard.

M.J.T.



GEOGRAPHY FIELD COURSE 5th - 12th OCTOBER 1984

A slight drizzle descended as the 'A' level students of UGS waved a tearful goodbye to a week of homework and set our hearts on a good relaxing holiday in deepest Surrey.

Before we had time to dry our eyes, we had reached Juniper Hall and were settling into the beautiful surroundings. The house itself has been totally converted into classrooms, laboratories, dining and sleeping quarters for pupils studying a variety of courses, but fortunately the building has not lost any of its charm or grandeur.

Soon we met Lucy, our tutor for the week, who explained what the course would include. We immediately gave up any ideas of relaxing and began to think that going back to school might be the best plan!

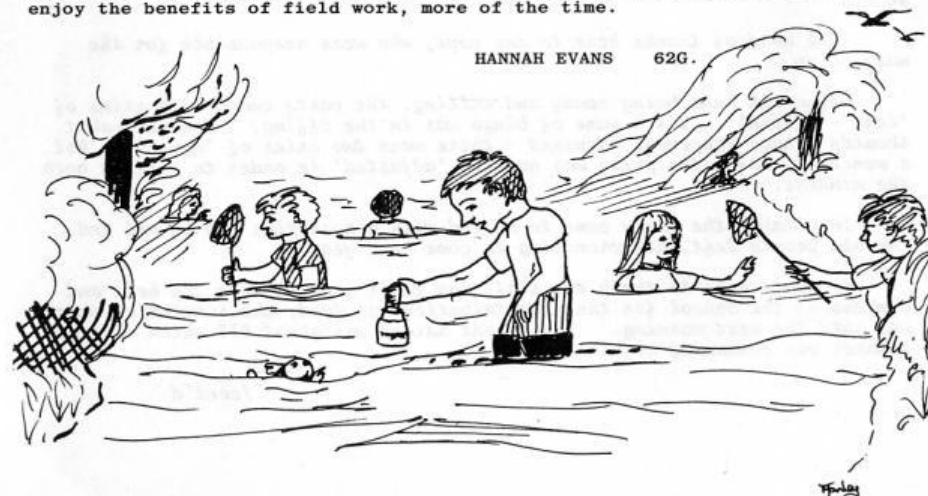
The week turned out to be much more fun than expected however. Among the topics covered were agriculture, land use around Dorking and much physical geography - which involved a lot of walking up hills that seemed never ending. Luckily the weather was perfect for outdoor work - although the river that we waded through was far from warm!

I think that we all found the field course complemented our school work very well and I would strongly recommend anyone to go, if given the chance. Anything not fully understood back at school became clear, and photographs previously just seen in textbooks became real. In fact, even though we were working hard all week as there were many topics to cover, it did not really seem like real work at all.

The teaching methods used on the course were very different from those found at school and they were extremely effective. The atmosphere was far more relaxed and instead of just being given a set of data to write up, we as a group had to set up the experiments and far more of our own initiative was needed.

As the whole course was so enjoyable and worthwhile, it seems a great pity that more money is not available so that more students can enjoy the benefits of field work, more of the time.

HANNAH EVANS 62G.



THE OLD PEOPLE'S PARTY

One fateful Wednesday afternoon, the community service group was approached to see if it could help with the Old People's Party.

Everyone readily consented, unaware, naturally, that the last three lessons of the day would have to be eradicated from our time tables.

The weeks leading up to The Big Day were filled with activity. Thanks to an awe-inspiring Blue Peter demonstration, we transformed fir-cones, small logs and tinsel (with the odd blob of glue) into the most magnificent table centre-pieces.

The 18th of December, the day of the party, finally dawned. The cookery room was overflowing with cakes, sausage rolls, sandwiches and yet more sausage rolls. Yes, there was a slight excess of sausage rolls. But this problem was soon remedied

At two o'clock the visitors were shown to their seats in the hall and were ready and waiting to sample the entertainment, which consisted of:

- 1) A collection of some songs, sung by the cast of "Oh What a Lovely War".
- 2) Catherine Hill's ventriloquist's act.
- 3) Two Indian dances performed by Nisha and her sister, Amita and some ballet performed by Fiona Cater.
- 4) Some traditional Christmas carols sung by the School choir who were accompanied by the School orchestra.
- 5) Karen Blackford blowing her trumpet with Andrew Watts on the piano.
- 6) Dorothea Hodge sang a New Year carol.
- 7) Chandrika Deshpande, who played the guitar and Tamlyn Bostock, played a piece of music on her violin.

Singing away, and enjoying themselves, our guests were unaware that OPERATION FOOD (Feeding Our Old Dearies) was being carried out with military precision. Plates, precariously piled high with food were transported over to the canteen and arranged on the individually decorated tables. At four o'clock the old people were shown to their seats and served.

(One word of thanks here to the boys, who were responsible for the washing up.)

Nisha and Anna being ready and willing, the party ended with cries of 'legs - eleven!' Yes a game of bingo was in the offing. However, what shouldn't have happened, happened - there were two cries of 'House!' Not a moment to lose, the prize was quickly 'adjusted' in order to satisfy both the winners.

Inevitably the party came to an end with a good time had by all and the old people left, all promising to come next year.

We would like to thank the staff for their organization and help and members of the School for their contributions of food, the surplus of which was sold the next morning. The amount raised was about £17 which will go towards our community service fund.

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THE OLD PEOPLE'S PARTY (cont'd)

After the party our magnificent centre-pieces were given to the Old People's Ward at Upton Hospital and were received with many thanks.

RIZVANA AHMAD 61HA.

Aided and abetted by:

Sunita, Nicole, Simone, Kate, Rebecca, Dion, Wendy,
Sandra, Deb, Michael and Mark.

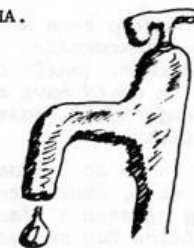


THE WASHING-UP PERSON

Soap and water every day,
At the sink is where I stay.
In come the dishes, pots and pans,
And then I clean them with my hands.
Tomato sauce, mustard and cream,
Are just some of the things that
I clean.

Washing-up is the job I do,
At the interview they said "It'll
be right for you".
But now I'm having a different idea,
What I should do for my career.

ANDREW SCATE 3HA.



GRAY HOUSE REPORT

This year has been a quietish one for Gray House - crouched on our haunches, poised for the leap forward next year, we hope. We once again displayed our capacity to perform with enjoyment, to play as a team with 'spirit', with flair and with fun. You will notice no mention of results, no hankering after that impostor - success, yet a full recognition of our Junior Teams from 2 Gray and 3 Gray, who acquitted themselves more than honourably in all their sporting competitions. As befits an individualistic House, we should mention the enthusiasm of Nigel Fox, Colin Stewart and Nisar Riaz in Junior Basketball (also displayed on the touchline of the Girls' Hockey pitches), the high excellence of Elizabeth Maunder and Richard Joy on Sports' Day, the achievements of Nikki Banurji in Public Speaking and of Jason Creak in Computer competitions, the fabulous French accent of Jose Blanco and the nifty footwork of Emma Hall and Samantha Kipping in the School Play, which contained so many Gray House members, who had learned their art in the hurly-burly of old Gray House plays and revues.

How fortunate Gray House still is in having willing volunteers to organise teams and events - amongst them Matthew Spicer, Ajay Duggal, Richard ('Biffo') Smith, David Best, Karen Blackford, Suzanne Lake, who come forward with no pressing to offer their help. Had it not been for a timely reminder from a concerned Hannah Evans, Suzanne Lake, Julie Wedge and Nikki Banurji, we might have missed our traditional 2 Gray Christmas Party - a night to remember this year, as it changed venue three times. This was the high point of the year - supported by staff, and a host of Sixth formers - yes, we are all children at heart! We could have gone on all night but time ran out (sorry, Helen Bullock, we'll use your parcels next year - won't the Yorkie bars go musty?) - the evening finished with the two traditional touches - Mrs. Swann's wild bean game ('The Game!') and then Miss Saunderson's proposal of thanks to all who helped. We shall miss that next year, as all in Gray House will miss the kind humane interest that Miss Saunderson has taken in watching the progress of all Gray House pupils through the School. We wish you a very happy and healthy retirement.

S.L., A.K., N.B., F.E.D.

HAMPDEN HOUSE REPORT

Having been assigned the task of writing this report, I accepted it like a true Hampdenite; I did not complain, I smiled and mustered up some enthusiasm, (while constantly reminding someone, you know who you are STYL1, that he could have at least helped a little). So there now follows the glowing report, based upon information gleaned from myself and Miss Juliet Mountford.

Where do I start? For, be it academic or sporting activities Hampden, once more, have been superb. Congratulations must go to Martin Delve, on being offered a place at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, to read Physics, and to Alison Day on receiving her engineering prize.

Moving on now to this year's School Play. The excellent "Oh What A Lovely War!" saw a great number of Hampdenites working very hard; it starred Simon Fitton (watch out Lord Olivier!), Anna Hemmings, Michael Bolton, Mandy Taylor, Graham Wells, Michael Ball, Fiona Cater, Nathan Lowe, Peter Drew and Kate Newton. Of course, such a tremendous performance could not have been possible without the superhuman efforts of J.C. No, not Jesus Christ, or John Cleese, but Mr. Cutler, surely the new Steven Spielberg. Well done to everyone involved! The same message must go to all those who were involved in both the Community Service and Young Enterprise Movements, and to Anna Hemmings who represented us in Public Speaking (which was

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HAMPDEN HOUSE REPORT (cont'd)

organised by our very own O.H. - Mrs. Holgate).

Moving on to sport, Hampden once more proved that it is far superior to all other Houses. Indeed, we were so far ahead that we thought it appropriate to allow the other Houses to at least beat us in something - namely hockey and cricket.

In the inter-House cross-country we proved ourselves to be too much for the rest. The same result came from the basketball (thanks mainly to Emil Gaynor) and football. This year's First XI football team contained several Hampdenites; Wells, Drew, Delve, Spence, Ratneshwar and Stylianou. Spence and Stylianou also represented Berkshire. However, enough of our success and domination.

All that remains is to thank our Housemasters, especially Mr. James, Mrs. Holgate, Mr. Cutler and Mr. Matthews, and to wish success to all those taking 'O' and 'A' Level exams this summer.

S.S.

HERSCHEL HOUSE REPORT

In spite of the long-standing traditional belief in Herschel House that there is more to school life than brilliant academic achievements, excelling in sport, winning competitions ... it seems that we now have a new generation of remarkably intelligent, agile if somewhat rebellious members. Even some of the staid upper sixth formers seem to have been inspired by this new success. Both football and basketball teams gained second place in the inter-House matches, and it is even rumoured that we won the 1984 cricket (although it sounds rather unlikely to me Jon). The junior and senior hockey teams, being placed first and second respectively did us proud, and I'm sure they would like to thank Susan Burke for giving her individual support and encouragement.

Members of the House worthy of special mention are Martin Brown for his efforts in chess; S. Seetharaman and S. Kumra for their magnificent achievements in the crime prevention team, and likewise R. Sharma and P. Samra for road safety. Well done also to Lee Cook and Lee Stone for contributing some Herschel spirit (whatever that may be) to the District and Berkshire football teams. Finally I'd like to mention Wendy Young, (who, I've heard has been signed up permanently by the Weather Girls) for so willingly giving her 'all' in the talent contest, purely for our entertainment.

C.H., S.D.

MILTON HOUSE REPORT

It has been another typical year with everyone of us setting the other "Houses" an example to follow. Whether it be sporting or academic, Miltonian Spirit has shone through admirably in the traditional fashion.

The report begins in that distant Summer of '84 and the inter-House Cricket Tournament. Though we were the undisputed favourites of the tournament we narrowly missed the title on a minor technicality - a batting collapse against Herschel. Our hopes of taking the Inter-House Basketball title were thwarted by that impressive team - E. Gaynor who should of course have followed in his brother's footsteps and been a Miltonian.

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MILTON HOUSE REPORT (cont'd)

The Inter-House Football was another title that just slipped through our fingers on account of the fact that we, having so many brilliant players in the House, were spoilt for choice and consequently could not fix permanent teams. Being a modest House and not one to boast I feel I cannot tell you how our junior football team completely demoralized all the opposition. The Inter-House Hockey title too was taken by Milton as our teams tied the opposition up in knots and gave them a valuable lesson, with their dazzling display of ball control. All our junior teams show considerable talent and potential and I can see them proving formidable opponents in the very near future.

Leaving sport aside I move briskly on to a legend in the School - Milton House assemblies. The one that comes to mind is the Christmas one. It took place in the traditional setting (Biology Lab. Room 24). As part of the assembly the Second formers put on a very brave display in front of the brethren, as they introduced themselves and read a few verses. Then came one of the highlights of the assembly, the traditional three Milton cheers which it is reported were heard only as far away as Windsor Castle - it must have been an off day.

When we, the senior members of the House were asked to conduct a House assembly we were at first a little surprised but need not have been, remembering the House we belonged to. Many afternoons were spent in deep conversation in Room 41 trying to plan the assembly. A. Watts offered to take care of the musical entertainment and thereupon, was not seen again until the morning of the assembly. We think that our slightly different approach went down quite well. The House again raised money for charity by sponsoring the talent contest - a novel idea which was appreciated by the School judging by the size of the audience. Some of the acts were a little controversial, to say the least, and were met with a blank expression by our three judges. I am sure that our own Rev. Thistlewood won the hairiest leg competition, by a long way.

The House continued its precedent of setting tradition by the introduction of the annual House photograph. Everyone was present in the gymnasium for the photograph except Mr. Gajdus who officially claims he knew nothing about it - a likely story! I am not one to spread rumours but I have heard that the fee asked by Mr. Gajdus was beyond even Mr. Rogers' resources.

All in all it has been another great year for the House and I would like to thank every member of the House and, not least of all, our teachers.

K.B.

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SALIMATA DIABATE

Last year, as a sort of stop press to the magazine, we announced that we had just adopted a girl from the West African country of Mali. Salimata is ten years old and lives in a village near to a river which means that the people of their village have not been affected by the terrible droughts that have been so much in the news this year. Most of the villagers live by farming and by the making of craftwork. At the moment they have to travel to neighbouring villages for education and for medical dispensaries.

What does this adoption mean? It gives us a focus of attention for the needs of those less fortunate than ourselves and it puts a human face on 'The Third World'. In practice it means that our money helps the whole village community and our letters go to Salimata and her family.

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SALIMATA DIABATE (cont'd)

We send £9 each month. So far this money has been raised by one or two individual donations but mainly by an annual sponsored day of games - football and war games. Twenty or thirty pupils have been involved in these events.

We exchange letters. A number of pupils have been involved with this. We send short letters or postcards and we enclose pictures from newspapers or photographs. One member of the sixth form took a number of photos of the buildings and the pupils and we send one of these each time we write. We have had a number of letters back from different members of the community and the thing that strikes me about all of them is their cheerfulness and optimism.

Two or three members of the sixth form have put on a visual display in the corridor by the hall to give us some idea of the background to this project.

It is good to be involved in such a project. Although it is only a very tiny contribution to the world's needs, it teaches us to be more aware of the world in which we live, and to save us from a narrow insularity.

M.J.T.

Upton Grammar School is proud to present

CRIME PREVENTION: The Movie

Starring - D. Lee, S. Seth, S. Kumra, S. Seetharaman and, in a cameo role, A. Vaid.

Technical Assistants - P. Woolley, K. Barakat and the Road Safety Team.
Produced and Directed by D. Rogers.

Narrator:- Once upon a time (Nov. 22nd 1984) in the far off quadrant of Room 31, U.G.S

Manager:- I need a team.

Postman Pat:- No fear. We are flooded with requests. (!)

Manager:- My shrewd eye will pick a team. Aha! I have a team. Right, team, here are your blue manuals. You will learn them regardless of anything: - and that means no dinner! Your first match is at the Hall of the Sinking Chairs. Go!

Narrator:- Battle commenced. A first round victory. But (Shock! Horror!) a casualty. A reinforcement was called up. A second contest at the Hall of the Sinking Chairs. Victory again, with aid of Polo Mints and split second timing. But the whole stability of the Galaxy was at stake, it seemed. A new battle, the Slough Final, was arranged. The team fought hard, on stage and off, using their expressive eyes to the full. They won. Then followed the dramatic contest for the leadership of Berkshire: First Round - Upton wins Second Round - Upton wins Third Round - Upton wins Fourth Round - Upton wins Fifth Round -

Narrator:- And so the team had finally fallen. Well, you can't have a happy ending all the time!

THE END

S. SETH 61G.

ROAD SAFETY

Hi FOLKS!

This year was momentous in that in it there were some really heavy and psychedelic happenings but I can't tell you about them because they don't have anything to do with the Road Safety team. Oh well!

On the subjects of Road Safety, the year began with an unparalleled series of desertions, recruitments and reinstatements. During this time the team numbered anything between 1 and 7. In the end, having recruited two new members and lost one, it remained steady at 5.

For the first match someone made painstaking preparations, at least I think they did or did they? Well anyway the first match in the Slough competition consisted of the embarrassingly easy defeat of St. Joseph's Secondary School. The second match for which someone thought about preparing was against Langley Grammar and this proved to be one of the most exciting quizzes the School has entered. We just won by 6 points, our score being 120, the maximum possible, achieved for the first time. (Ha! That'll teach you, Khalid!) The semi-final was against Slough and Eton whom we beat comprehensively.

Then came the Thames Valley written exam. Ha! Talk about panic! Having been kindly informed the day before by him who is called Mr. Rogers (amongst other things) there was no time for any preparation but, remarkably, we came top of the district by a good margin.

Directly after this was the Slough Final at the Town Hall which we won for the seventeenth year in succession by beating Langleywood Secondary.

Some time later came the Thames Valley Southern Traffic Area final in which we were pitted against teams from Newbury and Reading and guess what? Yes, we won! (Shock! Horror!) This put us through to the Thames Valley final itself at Sulhampstead. We ought to have suspected something when the Master of Ceremonies welcomed visitors from Aylesbury and Banbury, but made no mention of Slough. Still, considering that we don't exist it was nice of them to let us come second. (Yes, we didn't win!)

So that's about it you'll be happy to hear. I'm retiring. I would just like to thank the team, P.C. Bush, Mr. Rogers (what did he do?) and the supporters (I don't know what they did either).

ADVICE FOR PROSPECTIVE ROAD SAFETY PROPOUNDERS.

- i) IT HELPS IF YOU ACTUALLY LOOK AT THE HIGHWAY CODE.
- ii) LEARN HOW TO REASSURE ACCIDENT VICTIMS.
- iii) WATCH OUT FOR "SWERVING" ANIMALS.
- iv) ALWAYS "GIVE WAY TO TRAINS" ON A LEVEL CROSSING.
- v) TAKE YOUR OWN HEARING AID TO COMPS.
- vi) DON'T TRY THE FOOD.

Farewell and may Road Safety be with you.

R.D.S.

The team: R. Sharma, P. Samra, M. Joglekar, B. Hothi, V. Verma.

* Someone must have.

UPTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The Committee of the Association has been full of enthusiasm and activity. Lots of ideas are discussed for making successful events. It is not always easy to foresee the outcome of a particular event organised. For example we had to cancel the Barn Dance Evening for lack of support.

In November 1984 a talk on 'Drug Abuse' was well attended and it was full of useful information for everyone.

In December '84 we were pleased with all the support we had received from parents and everyone else for our Raffle/Carboot Sale/Mini Fayre. We made a profit of £722.03 from this event.

In March '85 a Jumble Sale was held at the School. A large number of people were at the door when it was opened. It was felt that we could have done even better with more items for sale. We were very grateful for all the support we received from parents. We raised £80.00 on that day.

On 30th March '85 we organised a multicultural evening. It was a very successful event. People enjoyed food, dance, music and there was a bar available. There was only a small entry fee to encourage families to come. It was a nice get-together. Her Worship The Mayor of Slough Mrs. Lydia Simmons was guest of honour. This was the first such occasion in the School, organised by the Association. It was felt that this was the best way to bring together parents from all communities in the School. Pupils, parents and friends took part in the programme. The Press also took a keen interest. We did raise £107.00 for the evening.

We want to see our 'Fete' a success on 28.9.85. We want this to be full of interest and we will need lots of items for sale or for amusement. We are sure that we will receive all the support we need from all parents. We are considering other programmes to organise.

The pupils of School are really our communication link with their parents. Without their support and attention our tasks would become very difficult.

I will now say a few words about how the money raised is being spent. £1000.00 has been paid into school activities fund. We have paid for all the curtains of the small windows in the assembly hall. Financial help is being given to complete stage lighting in the hall. Other projects are being considered like providing carports for minibuses and an audio-visual room for pupils.

I would like to thank all those who are helping the Association. Without their help, tasks would have been impossible.

DR. M.S. DHATT (CHAIRMAN)

Old Paludians Association (Girls' Section)

Our annual reunion and AGM was held in March 1985 at Upton Grammar School. This was the second reunion held at the School and although there was naturally still much nostalgia for the High School in Twinchies Lane most of us felt more comfortable in the School than we had last year. The reunion was again well attended and we were particularly delighted to see the number of former staff who returned for the afternoon. As usual we exchanged recent news and enjoyed searching for our youthful colleagues among many official school photographs from long ago!

At the AGM members were pleased to learn that the new mixed Old Paludians Association was well launched and we hoped that there might be some joint reunion in the future with all three sections (Boys, Girls & UGS mixed) taking part. It was suggested that 1987, being the 75th Anniversary of the first co-ed school (before the split into Slough Grammar and High Schools) would be the ideal date.

Members were also keen to donate one or two more unusual trees to Upton Grammar School if there was room, to commemorate the many lovely trees which will be lost when the Twinchies Lane site is developed.

Angela Jones (Secretary) - Bourne End 22649

OLD PALUDIANS (Boys' Section)

Once you leave the School it is surprising how quickly you can lose touch with the many friends made there over the years.

The Old Paludians maintains a continuing link with the School and provides a range of social and sporting activities for former pupils of Upton G.S., and its predecessors, at the Clubhouse, Berry Hill, Taplow.

On the sporting side the Old Pals have a thriving Football Club providing regular matches for players of all standards and ages. On Saturdays we run four sides in the London Old Boys League and various cup competitions and on Sunday mornings we will be running two sides in the local Industrial League and a Veterans XI (over 35s) in a London Old Boys league competition. Training sessions are held each week from July until the end of the season either at the Club or using the School gym. Non-players are welcome to come training and support on the touchline is most appreciated.

The Cricket Club play each Sunday during the summer and also compete in some mid-week tournaments.

Both sports sections would welcome 'new blood' to maintain and improve our standards. Our facilities are the envy of many of our visitors and we know that the players from the School can help our performances on the field match them.

On the social side, we have a bar at the Clubhouse, particularly well used after sports fixtures, and throughout the year we hold regular functions at the Club to suit all tastes.

The range of sports and social activities at the Club relies on the initiative of the members and the Committee welcomes any new ideas for using the Club facilities.

I would hope that all of this term's leavers would consider becoming members of the Old Paludians: membership is £6 per annum (sports sections have their own subs. in addition) or £21 for Life Membership although we offer free membership for the first year after leaving school, until 1st June the following year. It's your Club, please support it!

Andy Doig (Secretary) - Slough 47738

School - Mr. C. Gill (staff) or Graham Wells (6th Form)

DALE FORT BIOLOGY FIELD TRIP - MARCH 1985



The first crisis which confronted us was how to pack all of our luggage into the minibus the volume of which was inversely proportional to the amount of space available. This left some poor soul having to thumb-a-lift on the next coach, bound for Wales! We were not discouraged by this hindrance and set off down the M4 personal stereos in hand, in search of far horizons. Due to the cramped conditions, the numerous stops were welcomed by all, especially Catherine Hills, who took the chance to 'powder her nose' at every opportunity. To replenish our food stocks, we broke our journey at a pleasant little country pub, the aroma of which captured the mood of the journey perfectly - manure. Having left Slough in a blaze of sunshine, we found to our dismay that the latter part of our journey was plagued with blizzards and we assumed Chauffeur Bowater had taken a wrong turning

to the snowy peaks of Aviemore!

Our arrival was beset by a downpour and as we snaked our way through the winding streets of Dale model village, a tidal wave almost swept us off the road. As we drove past the eerie pub - The Griffin, the sound of cackling voices drew our attention to three old 'biddies' and we recalled the ominous opening lines of Macbeth -

"When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning or in rain?"

Our ordeal had only just begun. As we drove through the wrought iron gates, we read aloud the vandalised sign post -

"Dale Fort Mental Institution".

Under this were scrawled in a former patient's own blood, the words -

"Abandon hope all ye who enter here".

Over the radio a Shakespeare play mockingly crackled, as Duncan arrived at Macbeth's castle -

"This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses."

On being admitted, the boys were lead down to their 5-star dormitory, which was a renovated dungeon! It was lavishly furnished with the latest in reproduction stone age bunk beds. Twelve inmates to a room, one bathroom and toilet per dozen students and a view into the bathroom were the conditions we had to endure. There were signs of a foiled escape attempt, by desperate past patients and the electric bar of the fire had been filched by some poor starving wretch, so we had to tolerate the freezing Welsh climate. In contrast, the girls were accommodated in the modern wing, with twin-bedded apartments, together with room service.

At dinner we were glad to see that the cook had made ample use of the marine life surrounding us, as we were greeted with a bowlful of octopus soup followed by a generous helping of the speciality of the house - marine salad, comprising sea cucumbers, sea lettuces and lots of green seaweed served with a dressing of whale oil. A nutritious diet we were glad to

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DALE FORT BIOLOGY FIELD TRIP - MARCH 1985 (cont'd)

force down!

After our repast, we discovered a games room, including pool table, juke box, and space invader machines. The latter, one of the more technical members of the group discovered, could be used without paying, by switching on and off at the mains and this information was soon leaked to the rest of the students.

The next morning, we were allowed to lie in until 5.00 am and then cold shower and breakfast over, we were kitted out in fluorescent, over-sized oil-skins and wellies, ready for our first assignment on the beach (not collecting that evening's dinner!) On returning we took extra time to sleep during the lectures, exhaustion beginning to show already. Our confused minds couldn't keep track of time. As the endless days and nights wore on, fewer and fewer faces were seen in the mess hall; nor was it a reflection on the excellent food, that Mrs. Bowater ate out with the chauffeur! Biff will vouch for the food. After all, he only went down with food poisoning the once! The scourge of the pool table was "Tornado Tan" who manipulated the cue with great skill.

One evening the girls' block was aroused by strange noises outside the windows. Angela inquisitively opened the curtains of her room and was shocked to see legs and a face outside. It only turned out to be a "peeping-Tom". Another night, the building was awakened by Suzanne Lake's screaming through the corridors, babbling about the form of Anthony "Psycho" Perkins lurking behind her shower curtain. Also, Jane Rees was prone to gibbering fits of nerves and that same evening, after having messed up her seal dissection, as she drifted along the corridor with a snowy white gown trailing behind her, one imagined Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene -

"Out out damned spot! Out I say

Here's the smell of blood still: all the

Perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

One can see the pressure of work under which we strained.

Eventually the last day arrived, with its seven mile trek around the coastline. The atmosphere of the trip can be captured by the idiom - "Our get up and go, just got up and went".

We may not have come back biologists, but we certainly can claim to be Classics scholars with continued practice of Latin marine terminology.

We shall be eternally indebted to Mrs. Bowater for an experience which will stand us in good stead for the rest of our lives. An enterprise such as this can be recommended by us all for its valuable aid in teaching us friendship and survival.

NIK BANURJI 62GR.

P.S. I must compliment the whole group on their good humour and the very high quality of the work they produced (yes they did do some!) under very difficult and at times very unpleasant conditions.

CMB

Speech Day

On Friday, 21st September, at 7.30 p.m., a very special event took place. It was the first Speech Day of Upton Grammar School. The school hall was full to capacity with parents, guests and staff, who had come to see the pupils receive their prizes.

The Chairman of the Governors, Mr. C. Howard, welcomed everyone and opened the proceedings with a flourish. Among the distinguished guests on the stage, were the Lady Mayor of Slough, Mrs. Lydia Simmons and her husband, Dr. Long, former Head Master of Slough Grammar School and representatives of the Education Authority, as well as governors of the School. The guest speaker, invited to present the prizes, was Mr. D.M. Stewart, Principal of Lady Margaret Hall. Perhaps this choice was not coincidental, as John Foley is already a student there and Alice Fowler and Miles Lawson will take up their places in October 1984.

Both Mr. Howard, and Mr. Painter in his report, mentioned the early difficulties of the merger of Slough High and Slough Grammar - our junior (and some of our more senior pupils) will have no idea of these. Mr. Painter praised the staff of both schools, who have worked so hard to make a success of Upton Grammar School, and made the point that in a relatively short time the new name has become widely known and the new school has distinguished itself in a number of fields.

After he had presented the prizes, Mr. Stewart delivered an entertaining and succinct address which was appreciated by all levels of his audience. He particularly stressed the value and importance of the kind of education that Upton offers and pointed out how very fortunate its pupils are - though they may not all realise it. The Head Girl Juliet Mountford, who was accompanied by Simon Spence, the Head Boy, gave an admirable vote of thanks - not always an easy task, as it tends to be somewhat impromptu and depends on what the speaker has said.

The evening concluded with two musical pieces for clarinet and piano - the clarinet was played by Andrew Watts, who was accompanied by Mr. Bower, on the piano.

The event was a great success and I'm sure we can look forward to reporting on just such a similar occasion, in a future issue of this magazine.



MERIT AND SUBJECT PRIZES 1982-83 AND 1983-84

FORM 2

Caroline Dorman: Richard Howse: Giles Kent: Mark Manley: Fiona Cater:
Annabel Trebski: Michael Jewell: Matthew Perret: Andrew Scate:
Julie Barnett: Vanessa Caiafa: Zarka Liaqat: Gurdeep Biring:
Parminder Johal: David Murphy: Anil Verma: Leigh Mason: Jaswant Nainu.

FORMS 2 & 3

Emma Hall: Helen Leavey: Ravinder Bansal: *Jason Creak: Kulwinder Dhaliwal:
*Ashfaq Nabi: Jeffrey Taylor: Jonathan Williams: *Lucy Cowan:
Matthew Evans: *Abdul Hamid: Shahzad Ismail: Karen Blackmore: Sarah Brown:
Tania Caiafa: Kerry Judd: Anne Sadler: Colin Baughan: Dean Cook:
Mark Cummings: *Rupert Knight: Keith MacFarlane: Lee Rackham: Brian White:
Amanda Benham: Tamlyn Bostock: Chandrika Deshpande: Michele Griffin:
Victoria Hartnell: Baljinderpal Hothi: *Monica Joglekar: Carole Le Mans:
*Jane Osborne: *Andrew Colley: Graham Cowles: Alan Gordon: Simon New.

FORMS 3 & 4

*Nataschia Caiafa: *Alka Haider: *Sohalla Kiani: Elizabeth Maunder:
Amanda Laflin: Nicola Ridley: Bineet Aggarwal: Imtiaz Bashir:
Robert Craddock: Gregory Elliott: *Mark Instone: *Philip Little:
Robert Murphy: Andrew Pridmore: Gary Rice: Dawn Whittaker: Vivek Verma:
Ajaz Nabi: Paul Metcalf.

FORMS 4 & 5

Anna Hemmings: Clare Medlow: Kalpana Patel: *Wendy Young: *Rizvana Ahmad:
*Sasha Bates: *Helen Bullock: Tina Holloway: Angela Vaid: Cheryl Davis:
Wendy Giles: Amanda Taylor: *Jatinder Babbra: Gillian Shepherd:
Satwinder Basra: *Pritpal Bhandal: *Ajay Duggal: Nasir Khan: *David Lake:
Sandeep Sawhney: Rajiv Sekhri: Saras Seth: Rakesh Aggarwal:
Michael Bolton: *Graham Carter: *Guido Cresto: Peter Drew: *Man San Li:
Kevin Thompson: Jonathan Baker: David Huckle: Gerald Oliver:
Michael Pellow: *Arun Kochhar: Sudhir Makhija: David Roddick.

FORMS 5 & 6


Juliet Mountford: Deborah Park: Nikhilesh Banurji: Clive Miskin:
Richard Smith: Martin Dolve: Rafael Leadbetter: Michael Rowland:
Ranjit Sisodiya: Simon Spence: Andrew Stylianou: Martin Brown:
Sreenivas Darigala: Jonathan Eatough: Peter Woolley: Khalid Barakat:
Mathew Dear: Satbinder Bahia.

FORMS 6₁ & 6₂

Caroline Raven: Susanne Tiernan: Alice Fowler: *Ajay Birly: Simon Hames:
Paul Miller: Austin De Costa: Andrew Welshman.

* Denotes merit in both 1982-83 & 1983-84

SPECIAL PRIZES

	1982-83	1983-84
<u>Headmaster's Prize</u>	Mary Mullix and Kanwal Nischal	Elizabeth Lake and Edward Wickens
<u>Public Service Prize</u>	Sophie Cheston	Margaret Gibbs
<u>Dramatics</u>	Katie Froud	Adrian Benbow
<u>Prize for Initiative</u>	Simon Leyshon	Neeraj Kapur
<u>Sporting Trophies</u>	Sophie Cheston and Sajad Rehman	Elizabeth Maunder and Andrew Hannon
		
<u>Cock House</u> (Old Paludian's Shield)	Milton House	Hampden House
<u>Rotary Prizes</u>	Katie Froud and Adrian Benbow	Elizabeth Lake
<u>Janet Lang Memorial Prize</u> <u>For Modern Languages</u>		Alice Fowler
<u>History Cup</u>	John Foley	
<u>Mathematics/Science Cup</u>		Ajay Birly
<u>Geography Cup</u>		Denise Kemble

THE LIBRARY

This year the library has been able to settle down and function normally. The catalogues and indexes have been fully updated after the audit of county books last year and the amalgamation of the year before. Allowing certain year groups in on certain days of the week during the lunch break has proved the most satisfactory arrangement to allow all the school access to the stock and avoid overcrowding. The private study system for sixth formers has been run most efficiently by Mr. Thompson with the assistance of Mr. Cutler and has reflected the overall aims of the library.

Berkshire's School Library Service has helped us to keep the stock up to date and avoid duplication and we are grateful for their assistance and the personal attentions of the support librarian for the Slough area. They have also helped the school's curriculum with their project packages.

I would like to thank Mrs. Watling for her help in all aspects of the work of the library and the members of staff who have supervised during the lunch breaks. I am also grateful for the work of the members of the third and sixth forms who have checked the books out and in and kept the shelving up to date, and my thanks go to Richard Inman for his assistance with the collection of the papers and magazines.

Librarians: Randeep Nizzar, Kuljit Dhesi, Anthea Lake,
Anita Sharma, Malti Dhatt, Parminder Cheema,
Zarka Liaqat, Warjinder Bains, Jaswant Nainu,
Kiran Makhija, Saras Seth, Rajiv Sekhri.

We are always happy to consider any books that people may have finished with or be considering throwing away as part of our stock at any time.

A.M.

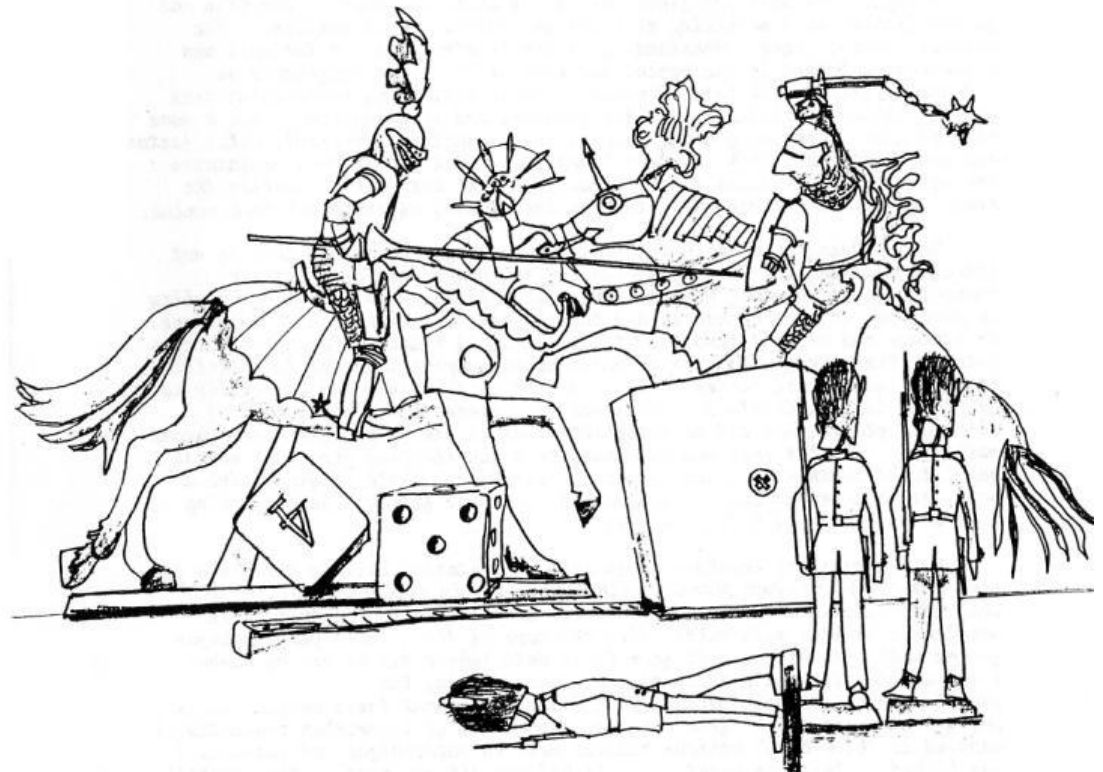
GENERAL KNOWLEDGE QUIZ

As usual we met the Emmbrook School in the annual general knowledge quiz run by the Royal National Institute for the Blind. Unfortunately they beat us again but the results are getting closer and one year we will beat them - and who could stop us then? We did raise a useful sum for the charity, however, and received a grateful letter in response. I would like to extend the thanks of the R.N.I.B. to the squad and those who sponsored their efforts.

Squad: Mark Instone, Jonathan Williams, Gino Coccia,
Steven Rowntree, Jason Creak, Giles Kent, John Byrne.

A.M.

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WARGAMES CLUB

The Club was formed back in 1974 by Richard Clarke and Graham Manassi. They took the nucleus of their idea to the wise and all seeing Mr. Rees ("Rabbi") who, in turn gave it to Mr. Powell, otherwise known as "the great white chief". When I was but a young lad in the fourth year, the Club was being run by Richard Atkins, David Hall and (no relation to the other one) Tim Hall. Gavin Gilfedder gave spiritual assistance. Old members/sweats will doubtlessly remember this bunch of mercenaries only in it for the money and spelling ability. Happy days they were, idly spent throwing dice at each other.

Enough! On with the finer points (if there are any). The Club was formed firstly as a modelling club and secondly to fight battles. The battles involve great understanding of complicated roles, a tactical and historical interest in the period and lots of money, or preferably an interested friend with lots of money. It is not, as my predecessor once put it 'throwing matchsticks at toy soldiers and shouting bang', but a more refined game of throwing dice, calculating casualties, movement, melee factors and more distances (THEN shouting "bang!"). Most people know miniatures are used (little soldiers to the uneducated few) but fail to realise the time, effort and expense put into creating an army of the Napoleonic period.

Role playing is closely associated with wargaming though this is not strictly a wargame. It is temporarily taking the part of a certain character be it an elven hero or a British officer in WWII. A personality is developed for the character and the character is then used to adventure in strange and distant lands be it the fields of France, blowing up bridges with the French Resistance or in outer space zapping innocent interstellar merchants with blast rifles. It is a game of the mind, and has really to be played to be understood. Personal experience with a merry band of avid role players has led me to believe that it breeds pacifism (take heart mothers!). He (or she) may outwardly be a gun-slinging genocidal maniac but I doubt whether it would happen in real life. Role playing, like a book, gives an experience. How many of you have felt the fear of being shot at by a team of K.G.B. hit men?

My own personal involvement in wargaming started back in the mists of time, progressing from playing with Airfix little soldiers (this is all very embarrassing y'know) and eventually into the realms of full scale Napoleonic battles with rules, dice and cups of tea. Role playing began for me with a telephone call from David Hall (where did he get my number??). I was invited to join a group of eccentrics to play Traveller (a sci-fi game). Doubtless your parents have warned you about these people but it was too late for me! After one game, in which, if I remember correctly, I managed to "blow away" various baddies with my autoshotgun and survive, I was hooked. This was great. Don't believe all you read in the papers!! Happily I was invited back yet again and games were planned almost every weekend. My future hobby had been found!!

So if you are bored with the dull routine of life, and want to reach the far flung corners of the galaxy or lead an attack on German lines - join now - Upton Grammar School Wargames Club needs you. (maybe!)

JAMES TURNER 61HE.

CHESS REPORT

Last summer "The Slough and Windsor Express" and the Fulcrum organised a chess competition. S. Horsfield and M. Brown reached the finals of the U-15 and U-18 respectively. In the U-15 final, S. Horsfield played very well and drew his game against an opponent older than himself, so shared the £40 prize money. In the U-18 final, M. Brown was beaten and received a £10 consolation prize.

This year a friendly match was arranged against Windsor Boys' School. In our first meeting the juniors lost 6-0, but did their best against older and stronger opposition. The seniors, however, gave a fine performance winning 3½-2½ with wins from S. Chung, C. Miskin and K. Sinha. The match was decided when M. Brown drew on top board.

In the return match, at our School, the juniors again had to contend with older and stronger players. They unfortunately lost 6-0 but S. Horsfield did hang on to the very end. The seniors only just lost 3-2, with C. Miskin and S. Chung drawing and M. Brown winning on top board.

A School chess competition was held for both juniors and seniors. In the junior final between R. Lewin and V. Jaswal a draw was agreed. In the senior final M. Brown narrowly beat C. Miskin who put up a brave fight.

M. Brown also played in this year's County Individual Championship at the Royal Grammar School, High Wycombe. He tied for first place and is now the joint U-18 county champion.

The chess club meets every Friday lunchtime in room 13. Anyone can come along and more juniors in the club would be welcome.

Junior squad: R. Lewin, V. Jaswal, A. Reyaz, C. Bolt, P. Tuck, A. Willis, M. Turner and S. Horsfield.

Senior squad: M. Brown, S. Fitton, C. Miskin, K. Sinha, S. Darigala, G. Dawson and S. Chung.

M. BROWN 62HE (Chess Captain)

* * * * *

U.G.S. ENGINEERS

(It has a few other nick-names but this is the official one.)

The club, especially set up for girls who enjoy science, is now accepted as an annex of the Electronics Club - this is a particular achievement since at the beginning of the school year there were no female members.

The school project began after we were invited on a course run by the Engineering Industry Training Board to try to interest girls in Engineering - they succeeded!

Armed with details of the competition we were thinking of entering, we descended on Mr. Painter who appeared keen. We then confronted the Physics department with the competition and got a club started up.

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U.G.S. ENGINEERS (cont'd)

We had a session investigating a car engine with the help of Mr. Matthews; took up photography with the help of Richard Smith; while Angela Vaid ran a computer studies course for the girls. We then let the girls loose on the public for a survey to find out what public opinion considered a good career for a girl - secretaries no less!

We also organised trips to Old Peoples' Homes and the Evelyn Fox School for the Mentally and Physically Handicapped, to research into any gadgets that we could design to aid them.

With credit due to the Lower School, in particular the Fourth form, who showed extreme enthusiasm and interest, we were able to write a full report on the club's activities which was sent to the Fawcett Society to be judged.

Early this year we heard that the Society had awarded the School a £300 prize for the competition.

The club now meets every Tuesday evening after school and is run extremely efficiently by Clare Medlow - so girls if you're interested in Science or just simply bored with being second best to men, why not come along and join in the fun?

ALISON DAY 62G.
AMITA GUPTA 62M.

* * * * *

BCS COMPUTER QUIZ

The 1985 Commodore/British Computer Society Schools' Computer Quiz is the first competition of its kind in which U.G.S. has been invited to participate; it has been a resounding success.

The team consists of three people - Giles Dawson (Captain), James Dixon and myself. There are normally six or more rounds at each stage of the competition, each being either an individual answer round, where each team is asked a question, difficulty increasing with age, or a team round, where we may confer. The questions asked are on very diverse subjects, ranging from data protection to logic circuits and other technicalities. As a result, a knowledge of only microcomputers is surprisingly insufficient.

Our first competitors, Luckley-Oakfield School from Wokingham, were easily defeated 32/18, but our winning margin decreased against The Forest School. We then went to Southampton for the South of England regional final, in which we defeated two very strong schools from Hampshire. Our next port of call is the national final to be held in Reading, of which you may already know the result.

Our many thanks go to everybody who has helped and supported us. Our thanks are especially due to Mrs. Broadgate, without whose inspiration we should not have even begun.

JASON CREAK 4GR.

SPRING CONCERT MAY 1985

The programme opened with two familiar pieces, Beethoven's "Hymn to Joy" and Schubert's ballet music from Rosamunde", played with panache, by the orchestra. This was followed by two vocal duets with the sweet soprano voices of Dorothea Hodge and Lois Foakes. Next the orchestra played a melodic and charming piece called "St. James's Park". Andrew Watts has a rare counter-tenor voice, which was given full play with two solo pieces. The orchestra brought the first half of the programme to a conclusion with a polka and a splendidly rousing version of the "Wedding March".

The concert continued with two lively items for two pianos played by Mr. Bower and Andrew. The audience called for and were delighted by an encore. The mood and the instrument changed to the softer tones of two guitar pieces played by Paula Jones, Ayesha Shaikh, Chandrika Deshpande and Mr. Redknapp. There followed a clarinet solo, by Andrew. Next the recorder club regaled us with the Hornpipe from Handel's "Water Music" and a rag melody, which sounded really effective on the humble wind instrument. Then the tables were turned when Mrs. Forder and Mr. Bertimes, instrumental tutors, and Mr. Bower played a Brahms Trio - "con brio". The evening concluded with a charming selection of pieces by the choir. We were reminded of the recent death of Dr. Long, who regularly enjoyed School functions, when Mr. Bower dedicated two songs to his memory. The final song from Gilbert and Sullivan was joyfully encored. This delightful variety of musical entertainment was much enjoyed by the audience.

THE ORCHESTRA

Violins: Ian Gauld, Saras Seth, Tamlyn Bostock, Mark Bernardi.
Viola: Chandrika Deshpande.
'Cello: Ferde Bertimes.
Bass: Paul Tuck.
Flute: Sarah Nicholson.
Recorders: Fiona Cater, Leigh Mason, Jennifer Gibbons.
Clarinets: Dorothea Hodge, Caroline Dorman, Gail Whittaker.
Saxophone: Matthew Davies.
Trumpet: Emma Hall.
Percussion: Phillip Little, Timothy Dawson.
Piano: Andrew Watts.

THE CHOIR

Trebles
Lisa Morten, Wendy Runacres, Gail Whittaker, Sarah Nicholson, Suzanne Morris, Tracey McCarthy, Lois Foakes, Dorothea Hodge, Jane Brown, Meenu Paul, Claire Robinson, Jenny Gibbons, Leigh Mason, Matthew Davies, Paula Jones, Melanie Good, Sara Lovell.
Altos
Paul Tuck, Fiona Cater, Caroline Dorman, Tamlyn Bostock, Chandrika Deshpande, Jane Osborne.
Tenors
Phillip Little, Timothy Dawson.
Basses
Saras Seth, Andrew Flannery, Jason Hawkins.

CONDUCTOR: NEVILLE BOWER



Oh! What A Lovely War!

"We'll never tell them . . ."

(Popular song)

"Why speak they not of comrades that went under?"

("Spring Offensive" by Wilfred Owen)

I used to wonder as a child why my father rarely talked about his experiences in the Second World War. My brothers and I knew that we were not to ask him about this, although we could never remember having been told not to. If he ever talked of his experiences it was the humorous episodes or the characters he had met that were his subjects. We knew that there was much that he had seen about which he was silent. It was this silence that set him apart from other men.

Seeing "Oh! What a lovely war" on stage makes real the picture of the generation of 1914-18 set apart by the experience of war - far more effectively than the film. The people come alive from the photographs that have survived and we realise that the words do not exist to encompass the enormity of the horror - that the means of expressing and coming to terms with that horror are the grim humour and the popular songs of the men themselves. The techniques of the production compensate for the inadequacy of words. The slides and the headlines on the display screen contrasted effectively with the black humour of the songs like "Gassed last night" and the set provided an ironic backdrop of patriotic colour.

Contrast is the key to the play. The anger of the satire comes through the opposition of the facts to the vitality of the performers and the songs. The staggering statistics of the losses emphasise the image of the old battalion on the barbed wire and the pictures of the men in the mud highlight the grisly humour of "Hush, here comes a whiz-bang". The lighting and sound effects provide the shock of the French lams going to slaughter and the inevitable end of Brother Bertie.

The setting of the whole play is a pierrot show which moves from the comic first half to the increasingly bitter and unsettling second half - but the swift transitions from comedy to horror continually adjust the audience's reactions and laughter dies as abruptly as it begins spontaneously. The illusions are built up and swiftly shattered: the optimism dies out as the war drags on; the jingoistic songs give way to the casualty lists; the internal wrangles and incompetence of the staff officers gives way to the blunt cynicism of the soldiers; the hypocrisy and inadequacy of institutionalized religion falls before the crude adopted words of the soldiers' hymns and the true meaning of Christmas as both sides rose from the trenches.

The First World War was a different war. Not only did the static nature of the Western Front seem to intensify the suffering but its tragic political inevitability and the introduction of

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OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR! (cont'd)

conscriptum emphasised the betrayal of a generation by its masters. People were controlled by propaganda at home and obeyed orders abroad.

A performance, however, can only be judged on its merits - how effectively it conveys its message. The school performance worked because of the liveliness of the cast and the support of the backstage team. The set, sound effects and lighting played their parts well, the music guided the action smoothly, and the performers responded well to the audience. The actors and singers were audible and controlled and the choreography overcame the limitations of space with stylised movement. The solo singers - and the duet - overcame their sudden loneliness on stage and reached out to the audience. The master of ceremonies changed into a boorish officer and a common soldier with ease to provide continuity. The soldiers worked well together and got over the amateurish of the trenches against the awful sense of destiny of Haig.

The professional team that originally devised the theatre workshop production well understood the words of the bard - "to move with laughter in the threat of death". The amateur team of Upton Grammar School accepted the challenge and rose to the occasion.

A.M.

* * * * *

PUBLIC SPEAKING

We entered two teams for the Rotary-run "Youth Speaks" competition and both the Junior and Senior teams qualified for the semi-finals, which took place in March.

The Senior team acquitted themselves very well indeed although they failed to go through to the finals. Anna Hemmings's speech "One hour every minute" was a humorous look at modern advertising methods but there was no mistaking the underlying seriousness. Nick Banurji and Khalid Barakat, both veteran public speakers, were excellent in their Chairman and Vote of Thanks roles. All three are to be congratulated not only for their polished performances on two evenings, but also for their willingness and reliability throughout the year.

The Junior team, all newcomers to public speaking, did very well indeed to be placed second in the semi-finals. Jason Creak's speech "The screen is too small" was well received. It concerned the poor quality of television programmes. Jason handled his subject competently and the other two speakers, Tamiya Bostock and Graham Rankin, gave him excellent support. All three showed tremendous enthusiasm throughout the year and are to be congratulated on their success.

My thanks are due, also, to Mr. Tidestrom for all the work he put in with the Junior team and to Mr. Fallows who encouraged us throughout. Geography 101

Denise

G.H.

THE STATE OF PLAY

"A captain cannot 'make' a side. He cannot put in ability which is not there. But he can easily spoil a side. The object of captaincy is to utilise the ability in the team to the fullest extent" -

(M.J.K Smith, former MCC Captain)

"The team captain must want to take responsibility and want to lead others by his example. The choice of team captain must fall on a man who is liked and respected by the majority of the team, who by his approach and example must be able to inspire his players often" - (Lawrie McMenemy).

The art of captaining a side to a happy and successful season is one which is often overlooked in these days of team plans, set plays and all powerful managers and coaches, but it is through this very art that the School has had a fine season. Schoolboy captains can do a great deal not only for the sides they lead but for the School in general and during their term of office they receive in trust the School's sporting tradition.

To follow the most successful season ever for the School, when the 1983/4 1st XI won the county cup, Gibbs Cup and Berkshire league, was no easy task for this season's team and was made particularly difficult when some talented fifth formers were precluded from selection because of the school timetable. Chris Stylianou, captain of the 1st XI, proved an inspiration on and off the field throughout and although hampered by weaknesses in some positions they were able to retain the Berkshire league title for a record third successive year. His drive and authority on the pitch was so noticeable that whenever he was missing, the side performed meekly. Stylianou and Simon Spence played their second season for Berkshire U-19s and were joined for some games by Christopher Clements and Lee Stone.

With the U-16s not being available for the 1st XI it was up to them to make a season for themselves in cup competitions. So as not to be outdone, Neil Fox led his team to the Berks Individual Schools trophy semi-final, the district quarter final and then late in the season the Berkshire Coca-Cola Cup Final, but even Neil's ability to elicit the best from his side proved no match for a powerful Little Heath team. Neil was ably supported throughout, by Richard Inman's strength in defence, and by Sean English's decisive finishing.

The younger Fox, Nigel, followed big brother and also led his U-14 XI to the county cup final and were desperately unlucky to lose in a thrilling final against Maiden Erleigh. This was one of only two defeats all season and Fox and Adrian English played for Berkshire U-14s and were joined by four others in the Slough side.

To cap it all the newcomers, the U-13s, demonstrated some fine skills and lost only one game to Herschel in a friendly and then to make a point, completely destroyed the same team 7-3 in the district cup before the enthusiastic support of the newly appointed Herschel headmistress. In a total of 58 games played this soccer season, only 16 ended in defeat, demonstrating the all round strength of soccer in the School.

One may be led by the TV and Press to think that there is little sport other than soccer (or maybe darts or snooker) but this School has also fine traditions elsewhere. In basketball the U-19s and U-14s have played particularly well in the very strong Berkshire leagues and the senior captain Emil Gaynor has proved quite a handful for most opposition. The sight each Wednesday of two 6' 8" American negroes in tracksuits brought enthusiastic response to their basketball coaching from the boys and heart throbbing admiration from the female part of the School. Perry and Eric, professional basketball players from the U.S.A. presently playing in England, will be long remembered.

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THE STATE OF PLAY (cont'd)

The School cross-country teams have entered many races but as yet lack the depth to capture trophies, although individually Colin Stewart, Mark Esam and Elizabeth Maunder won district championship races, and seven were selected to run for Slough. Cross-country also leads the club front meeting twice a week with strong and weaker runners appearing for the 'fun' of running.

In golf a small group has provided two county players in Clifford Savage and Kevin Thompson and after a long time in the wilderness, rugby is making a comeback in the School. A rugby club runs for the junior boys and they finished runners up in the Windsor U-13 7-a-side tournament.

The overall picture is again rosy and it seems that establishing the name of Upton Grammar in place of the much respected Slough Grammar has been achieved with the minimum of fuss. How much of this could have been achieved without the enthusiastic support of many male members of staff is open to doubt and in these days of withdrawal of goodwill, strikes, and threats of strictly defined teachers' contracts, we can be thankful that for the moment the staff of Upton Grammar are happy to continue to supervise, coach and referee boys to the same high standards as those of the old Slough Grammar School.

S.J.I.

UNDER-13 SOCCER

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against
11	9	1	1	71	12

The U-13 team have had a very successful start to their sporting careers winning both the Slough District 5-a-side, and 11-a-side trophies.

The 5-a-side tournament took place in December at Montem Sports' Centre. Upton comprehensively outplayed Langley G.S., Woodside, Westgate and Herschel, scoring 15 goals and conceding only one on their way to picking up the Coca-Cola Trophy.

In March the U-13s won against Herschel in the Lightfoot cup final, the score was 7-3. This was a pleasing result as Herschel had been undefeated all season, and were responsible for our only loss this season.

Trevor Argrave was selected to represent Slough at U-14 level.

The U-13 team has a great deal of potential which we hope to fulfil as we progress through the School.

The team would like to thank Mr. Gill and Mr. Inger for their assistance throughout the year.

T. ARGRAVE 2HA.

UNDER-14 SOCCER

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
14	12	0	2	66	23

U-14 s Squad 1984/5 season:

C. Stewart, R. Lewin, M. Mandozzi, D. Mason, J. Paragpuri, M. Stephenson, M. Bergan, S. Tallon, S. Kipping, M. Buckley, H. Samra, N. Fox (capt.), A. English, J. Donovan, T. Argrave.

After a rather disappointing first year together the U-14 have had quite a successful season the past year. The team was not entered in a league, although they were in the local district cup and county cup competitions and

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UNDER-14 SOCCER (cont'd)

they gave a good account of themselves in both these events.

On the way to the final of the county cup we defeated Waingels Copse, Windsor boys, Stoneham and Embrooke, all with decisive and good performances as well as being able to improve our goal difference along the way. The final against Maiden Erleigh was to be played at Palmer Park Stadium and it was here where the U-14 had their downfall. It took us the best part of the first half to settle down into our rhythm of play and Maiden were able to cash in on this by putting a goal past us very early on in the game. Although we appeared to be the better team we were unable to get ourselves together throughout the rest of the match and Maiden came away 2-1 winners on the night.

After this just disappointment we were to suffer yet another setback when we were beaten 3-1 by Windsor Boys in the semi-finals of the Schools' district cup. This proved sweet revenge for them after we had put them out of the county cup earlier in the season.

Buckley, Lewin, Mason, Fox and English all played for the U-14 district with Fox playing for the u-15 as well. Fox and English also represented the School at U-14 and U-15 county level.

Finally on behalf of the rest of the team I would like to thank Mr. Warren, our manager as well as Mr. Gill and Mr. Inger who both helped with transportation throughout the season.

N. FOX 3G.

UNDER-16 SOCCER

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
8	5	0	3	30	16

Squad: Tarn, Craddock, Anderton, Lowe, Breen, Inman, Fox, Mandozzi, Myhill, Watts, Spence, English, Urie, Santimano.

Top goal scorers - English 11 and Urie 5.

We started off the season by beating both Churchmead and Herschel High convincingly (8-0 and 4-1). In the next round we faced Slough and Eton and in a very competitive match the game was decided on penalties, with the School scoring 3 out of 3 to progress into the next round of the Pepsi Cola Cup. In the semi-finals we faced J. O'Gaunts and in a very bad team performance, we lost 3-2. This disappointing result was followed up by another bad game, when losing 3-1 to Langley Grammar in the first round of the District Cup. The team recovered though with good performances against Forest, Kennet and St. Crispins (2-1, 7-1, 2-0) to reach the final of the County Cup. In our final game together, in the County Cup Final, we were totally out-classed and ended being beaten 3-0 by Little Heath.

Finally, on behalf of the team, I would like to thank our manager Mr. Inger for his support of the U-16s team.

N. FOX 5GR.

1st XI SOCCER

Played	Won	Drew	Lost	For	Against
21	11	3	7	35	22

Squad: Stylianou, Spence, Delve, Virdee, Drew, Wells, Stone, Duggal, Clements, Ratneshwar, Ikram, English, Inman, Fox, Gordon (M. & C.), Gossain, Eatough, Whitehead, Hoare, Myhill.

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1st XI SOCCER (cont'd)

Unfortunately, the 1st XI, without the usual help of the 5th form players, could not emulate the form of last season's team. The team got off to an indifferent start by not doing well in the customary beginning of the season friendlies where the majority of games were either drawn or lost.

This bad start was followed by the team's early departure from the two "cup" contests, in which we were narrowly defeated by Maiden Erleigh and Windsor Boys. Both the scores were 3-2 against us, and did not properly reflect the team's adequate performances.

However, having overcome these early season difficulties, the team produced some consistent form by remaining unbeaten in all of their league fixtures, and because of this came top of their group.

In the league semi-final play-off we were matched against Burnham Grammar, to whom we had already lost this season. The team produced a good performance to beat our opponents by a single goal, and hence get to the league final, which was to be played against Windsor Boys.

In this final, the team, having overcome a shaky start, produced some good enough play to beat our old rivals by the score 3-0, of which two of the goals were scored by S. Spence and the other by S. English, thus rounding off a 'slightly' above average season and securing the Berkshire league title for the third successive year.

Congratulations to S. Spence, C. Clements, C. Stylianou and L. Stone who have all represented the U-19 county A team, and to A. Duggal and D. Ratneshwar who played for the U-19 county B team.

Thanks must also go to Mr. Inger and Mr. Rieley who both put in a lot of time and effort to run the team.

A. STYLIANOU 62HA.

SENIOR HOCKEY

Again this year, we were unable to raise a first eleven and so the matches played have been either A team games involving sixth and fifth form players, or U-16 games involving fifth years only.

The whole season was marred by bad weather and cancellations because of difficulties raising a team on the day, both by Upton and by our opponents.

In the matches played, the team played with enthusiasm, attack and solid defence. In the indoor hockey matches the A team played well and with reasonable success.

The girls who turned out to practise and made themselves available regularly for matches deserve credit for their loyalty.

4th YEAR HOCKEY

This has been a disappointing season, the weather causing so many cancelled matches. Nevertheless the players have worked hard and made good progress. The defence plays very steadily and has conceded few goals. In midfield the forwards build up promising attacks, but have not yet developed the ability to force them through to score. Nowhere was this more apparent than in the District Tournament when in two matches they attacked almost the whole time, but failed to score. Obviously this is the area that will need most work next season.

3rd YEAR HOCKEY

The team had only two matches of which they drew one and lost one. They

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3rd YEAR HOCKEY (cont'd)

learned a lot from these games and in the District Tournament the whole team worked with great determination to beat Herschel 2-1, St. Bernards 4-0 and to hold Langley Grammar (who had previously beaten them 0-3) to a goal-less draw and so win the Under 14 years Tournament.

If they play with this spirit next year they will continue to get good results.

C.D. H.S.



SOME HIGHLIGHTS OF THE 1984 CRICKET SEASON

Paul Tarn will remember 1984 for a performance which reached the attentions of the press, and the 'Cricketer' and 'Wisden Cricket Monthly' magazines. Having scored 71 of the School's total of 193 for 2, he found himself having to bowl the last over of a 30 overs per side game against Forest School, who were 190 for 4. Paul managed to dismiss Forest batsmen with the first and second balls of the over. A single was scored and then Paul took a hat-trick with the last three balls - five for one in an over and, what is more, all clean bowled, to obtain victory by 2 runs. This feat earned Paul a game for the County U15 side.

Lance Myhill was a regular member of Berkshire Schools' U15's. He was selected for winter coaching and, despite lack of experience, obtained a place in the side. He scored 140 runs in 9 innings for Berkshire and made over a thousand runs in the season in all games.

The School U13 side showed promise, with fifties scored by Andrew Kipping and wicket-keeper Colin Stewart. Kipping and Raja Khurana were the best bowlers. The U13 side made great progress under Mr. Gill's expert tuition.

For the U14's Andrew Colley was the star performer. The 1st XI won 2 of their 5 games, despite the weather in May, and Parmjit Dhali contributed 56 in one game.

No doubt all the School's cricketers looked forward to using the new practice nets which were at last laid down in the winter of 1984/5. Lack of nets has been a handicap for several years.

DJB

CROSS COUNTRY

This season has been very successful with many more members taking part than last year. Cross Country Club meets on Mondays and Thursdays after school and anyone can join. There have been three league races where the School has had some very good results. Colin Stewart of the third year and Mark Esam of the fifth year won all three of their individual races. Mark Bernardi of the fifth year came 6th, 7th and 9th; Darren Mason of the third had a 5th and 8th. Many second years took part this year and in the last race Jason Donovan was 4th and Trevor Argrave 2nd. This year had more girls taking part than ever before. Elizabeth Maunder of the fifth year came first in one of the races and Jayne Ambrose of the third year came 8th. In the team results the girls were the most successful coming third.

Not so many people were available for the inter schools cup races, but Mark Esam won the Under 17's and the Girls' team came 2nd. Elizabeth Maunder, Jayne Ambrose, Mark Esam, Mark Bernardi and Colin Stewart all ran in a major race at Newbury. Jason Donovan also represented the Area at Windsor with Colin Stewart, Mark Bernardi and Mark Esam. Colin Stewart will be running for Berkshire in the English Schools Championships.

Last of all, thank you to Mr. Thistlewood who gave up his valuable time to provide transport and organise the teams.

JAYNE AMBROSE 3G.

UNDER-14 BASKETBALL

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
9	3	1	5	253	276

Under-14's Squad 1984/85 season:

S. Tierney, C. Stewart, N. Fox, G. Biring (capt.)
D. Chitwell, K. Nijithur, P. Jothall, M. Stevenson,
G. Poole, H. Sanna, A. Kipping, R. Lewin, J. Holes.

Highest scorer: S. Tierney - "Well done!"

The season began quite well for the U-14 basketball squad with an impressive win against L.W.S. We lost the next two matches, but just by a couple of baskets. In our last match we played Cox Green where we won easily.

After Christmas our first match was against Garth Hill at home. We managed to fulfill our fixtures even though half our players were suffering from injuries and suffering from various illnesses.

It was an enjoyable season even though we did not win any cups.

The most impressive win of the season was against 'Charters'.. We had been playing with a 'B' team and came away winning 42-32.

I would also like to thank the scorers, N. Greaves, G. Rowley and C. Mills for giving up their time.

Finally on behalf of all the team I would like to thank Mr. Gill, Mr. Davies and Mr. Inger.

G. BIRING 3HE.

UNDER-19 BASKETBALL

This season was the first season for several years that the School had entered a team in the Berkshire U-19 basketball league. The team consisted of a mixture of fifth and sixth formers. The team members were A. Botton, B. Sanders, P. Wilson, L. Stone, D. Anderson, A. Colley, E. Gannon, J. Evans, G. Biring and D. Chitwell.

We began the season well with a comfortable victory over Garth Hill School. We lost our next match to L.W.S. because A. Botton was unfortunately fouled off. However, this loss was followed by a string of victories over Ramelagh, Easthamstead Park and Charters Schools. Unfortunately we suffered two further defeats at the end of the season to L.W.S. (by one point after overtime) and Ramelagh.

With a year's experience behind us, I can predict confidently that I will be reporting in next year's "Svan" that the team has won the league title.

Much of the credit for the team's victories has been attributed to myself! I would like to deflect this attention from myself and towards the other team members such as Botton and Sanders, without whom we could not have won a match.

We would like to thank the sports staff, especially Mr. Davies, for their support.

PAUL GANNON 60HA.

TRAVEL SECTION



'BACK IN THE U.S.S.R. - SUMMER 1984'

After two years of planning, last summer a party of twenty-four pupils and five adults left the relative safety of Upton Grammar for the perils of Russia armed with courage and plenty of songs.

We arrived at Ostend in Belgium in good spirits and slept in compartments of six until we arrived at Berlin the next day.

We toured Berlin in groups after being told about the main sights by Rodney De Souza, an ex Slough Grammar pupil, who works in Berlin.

Late at night we left Berlin for Moscow and apart from a small hitch when John Syrota was detained by the Russian authorities, we all arrived safely.

Our guide was called Marina and she took us to our hotel called Sevastopol. During our four day stay at Moscow we learnt a great deal about the Soviet Union.

Russia is only one out of fifteen states making up the U.S.S.R. or C.C.C.P. in Russian. The Moscovites have guaranteed jobs and if they do not go to university, they join the armed forces. Everything is owned by the state including the tourist company and shops. The basic necessities in life are cheap, and cars are 1960s models. Hi-tec equipment is very expensive, if available, and there are very few shops. The Metro Stations are large deep and beautiful and a ride costs five pence.

During our stay we saw all the main sights of Moscow, the Red Square, Lenin's body and tomb, St. Basil's Cathedral and all the main museums and shops. Our food sometimes included caviare, but on the whole it left a little to be desired, as regards the range.

At Leningrad another guide Helenor joined us. We stayed at a hotel called Karelia. In our free time we played with some young Russian boys who played excellent football. Also some Russian youths talked to us. They seemed poor and had few amusement facilities. No Russians were allowed to have more than thirty roubles (thirty pounds) on them at any one time and they weren't allowed to speak to us, although they taught us some words you won't find in any dictionary. The Russians also always wanted to buy an item we had like clothes.

Leningrad itself had dirty streets which were small, but buildings were large and beautiful inside. We saw a navy festival and a folk festival as well as the museums. In Moscow we had seen a Circus.

We travelled back by "Aeroflot".

Our short coach sorties were enlivened by our singing and light-heartedness and everyone was quite well behaved - most of the time. Only two people got drunk, although most people were sick or had a cold at one time or another, yours truly not excepted.

The trip was very enjoyable and I would like to thank Mr. Rogers, Mr. Bryan and Mrs. Orchard for being brave enough to organise and lead the trip and Mrs. Bowater and Mr. Orchard for their company.

ARUN KOCHHAR. 61M.

'A RIDE ON A NUMBER 51'

The little bingo card sign swung idly from the wires high above the centre of the road. With relief we saw our number - 51. Our luck was indeed in, for coming up at a smart gallop from the reserved track to our right, and swaying drunkenly from side to side was one of the Czech-built plum-and-porridge coloured two car trams bearing the identical legend. Too tired, for once, to care whether traffic would stop, we plunged forward to reach the tram, far off, as it seemed, in the centre of the road.

The fare was amazingly cheap - 3 kopeks (3p) for any distance - and the collection system honesty-based. You dropped your coins into a wholly unsupervised fare box and tore off a thin paper ticket from the roll. When the tickets jammed, our fellow passengers knew exactly how to prise the machine apart and where to thump it to ensure the restoration of normal service!

The tram squealed around corners and lurched over the appallingly maintained track, gathering crowds of passengers at every stop. A splendid chance, as there are no 'ads' in the USSR to distract the eye, to inspect the wide variety of costume and the mixture of racial types which make up the population. The vast extent of the country, consisting of twenty-six separate republics of which Russia is only one, and stretching from the Chinese border in the Far East to Scandinavia in Northern Europe, is often forgotten in the West. Youngsters are expected to stand for their elders and, if any of our party had been unaware of this, a glare followed by a sharp tap on the shoulder soon enlightened them. In the midst of the huge crush now packing the car I, too, felt a prod on the elbow. Turning my head (no room to turn fully) I met the steady unblinking gaze of a stocky middle aged lady with high Mongolian cheekbones and wearing the obligatory headscarf. She held out a well used piece of mustard coloured card. Fortunately I knew what to do. Taking the card I stretched out to insert it in the punch fastened high to the side of the tram, returned it and watched it passed hand to hand to a young girl somewhere in the far distance. Not a word had been spoken.

Our driver was another of those middle aged ladies, who seemed so prevalent. She wore a blue uniform jacket a grey skirt, short grey hair and a tired grey face. Wearily she would pick up the microphone to call out the names of the stops and chat in a desultory fashion with passengers waiting to leave by the front exit. She was armed with a great iron point key, nearly as tall as herself, which was used to attack the trackwork when points stubbornly refused to change in our favour. She might have been equally prepared, one felt, to repel boarders with it. But it was not so. She was happy to cram all-comers aboard, however full the car became and, contrary to the fearsome reputation of Soviet 'officialdom', more than once stopped specially to pick up passengers arriving late.

A half hour journey passed all too quickly. Outside the windows the sights of Leningrad had gone unnoticed as inside we had had the panorama of the ordinary Soviet citizens in their ordinary everyday life. Wholly fascinating.

D.A.R.

THE SKIING HOLIDAY 1985

For the skiing trip this year a school party went to Cerler, a resort in the Spanish Pyrenees. We flew from Gatwick to Zaragoza and then travelled by bus to Cerler, stopping for a short while in the little village of Graus to stretch our legs and have something to eat.

On arrival, everybody was kitted out in skis, boots and sticks and then quickly packed off to bed ready for our first lesson on the Sunday morning. After an early start and a wonderfully peaceful ride up the mountain on the chairlift, observing some breathtaking scenery, lessons began on beautiful fresh snow. Soon everybody found their feet and were building up confidence.

As the week passed, marvellous new runs were discovered and tackled - much to the amazement of we beginners who hadn't even dreamt that mountains could be so large!

The instructors were pleasant, sociable, spoke good English and all seemed to own a bar!

On the last day there was a slalom race. Alex Dixon won the intermediate event, even though he had spent several days in bed with bronchitis - "the illness of the week!"

Evening entertainments were provided, (for a small charge) by our couriers, Nadia and Caroline, and proved to be quite enlightening experiences. John Pollock succeeded in winning a prize for his fabulous disco dancing and then spent the rest of the week trying to hide his embarrassment.

The holiday was extremely enjoyable for everybody and I would like to extend thanks to all the teachers who accompanied us, especially to Miss Darling for organising the trip. Thanks also to Mrs. Bowater, Mr. Gill and Mr. Riele.

HELEN BULLOCK 61G.

* * *

MY TRIP TO INDIA

On the 16th February 1985, my family and I were heading for another country. Our destination was New Delhi in India.

It was 9.30 a.m. and we were on the aeroplane ready to go to India. Our seat belts were fastened and the aeroplane started to move. I had a look around the runway. I wouldn't be seeing this place for another three weeks. The aeroplane gained height and my ears started to hurt. It felt as if they were going to pop. I tried to swallow the remains of a sweet that I had in my mouth. This made my ears hurt even more. As soon as the aeroplane was high enough to fly, my ears stopped hurting.

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MY TRIP TO INDIA (cont'd)

The noise of the aeroplane was irritating at first, but after a while I had become accustomed to it. I was bored and I found that I was conjuring pictures of what it would be like in India. I found that I had remembered a lot from my last trip which was six years ago. We were too high up to see anything but when we reached Palam Airport, New Delhi and the aeroplane was coming down, I could see the lights of the airport. I think the time was now about 12 p.m. Indian time 6.30 p.m. English time. Two aeroplanes had landed at the Airport together, so there was a lot of rush in the airport.

When we had finally got through the various points in the airport I had at last the chance to see my family - my uncles, aunts, cousins and grandparents. Nearly everybody was there. I hadn't seen them for six years. We then went to my aunt's house in a taxi.

The main transport in Delhi was taxis, motorbikes, scooters and buses.

Quite a lot of the shops were still open. This was common, but I found it very surprising. The road traffic was awful. The motorbikes wove in and out of the cars and an accident could have occurred. It was common and no one even raised an eyebrow! It was about 2 a.m. and everyone was using their horns. It was an awful sound.

The houses were very different from the ones in England. The roofs are flat so that you can go on top and during the summer you can sleep outside. The houses are generally bigger than the average sized house in England. Flats are very rare as most people live in houses. Each family usually has one or two buffaloes or cows. There are many beggars in the city. They come in hope of finding jobs and homes. They sleep rough on the streets. These beggars have no money, no food and no belongings.

While we were in India we experienced celebrations for a festival called "Holi", or the "Colour Festival", as it is sometimes called. The members of the family have powdered colour and throw the colour over each other. People often wear white clothes on this occasion. I had great fun playing this game. I had never seen anything like it before.

The day after "Holi" was the day we came back to England. I enjoyed my stay in India. I think that I would like to go again. Very soon!

MEENU PAUL 2M.

* * *

THE FRENCH TRIP

After waking up at 5.15 a.m. we left Slough on the coach, still half asleep. The trip to Newhaven (where we were due to catch the ferry) was one on which most people were sleeping. Just a few of us kept

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THE FRENCH TRIP (cont'd)

awake. After a while, we were all awake.

The ferry was quite interesting, and, since the crossing took four hours, we had enough time to explore.

When we finally got to Dieppe, it took us about an hour to get to our hotel. Unfortunately since the coach broke down, it took us considerably longer. After finally reaching the hotel, the teachers told us not to go out but, as there was a souvenir shop next door, we didn't think it would be too bad of us.

But after that 'we didn't half get in trouble!'

CHRIS DAY 2M.

Our hotel was the Grand Hotel du Nord, which was situated in a cobbled pedestrian precinct called Rue du Gros Horloge, which literally means Street of the Big Clock. This clock, was directly outside the hotel and dates back at least to the Sixteenth century. The hotel was two star and was clean and comfortable.

When we arrived in Rouen, we carried our luggage to the hotel's plush reception, and were welcomed by a receptionist. Here Mr. Hughes read out our room-mates' names and our room number. I shared room 207 with Gail and Jenny.

Our room had a balcony looking out onto the precinct, a bathroom and a main room where the beds were situated.

As we were only half board, we had breakfast only in the hotel, and we had dinner in a restaurant nearby.

SARAH NICHOLSON 2M.

GRAND HOTEL DU NORD

We stayed at the hotel for the two nights, sharing rooms in twos, threes and fives. The huge clock outside the front of the hotel woke us up every morning. We had breakfast in the Grand Salon. On the second day we had a picnic but it was too cold to have it outside so we ate it in the Grand Salon. In the evening we went to a restaurant.

GAIL WHITTAKER 2M.

The food in France was not the Frogs' legs we had expected. Generally we all enjoyed it.

Our first meal was at a restaurant near to our hotel. We had a first course of vegetable soup and bread, followed by a second course of chicken, chips and peas, and for afters we had apple tart. We all enjoyed it.

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THE FRENCH TRIP (cont'd)

We woke the next day for breakfast. We had croissants, bread and jam, with a choice of tea, coffee and chocolate to drink. Again it was very nice. We had this meal at the hotel.

On Sunday afternoon we had a "picnic" in the hotel. It comprised sandwiches, drink and a pudding of yogurt or fruit. That was nice.

Disaster struck on Sunday night. Oh deary me! We went to the same restaurant as before. We started with cheese, ham and mushroom flan. One person described it as "God knows what". This was followed by beef casserole. We played with this more than eating it up. Our third course was just as bad. Rubber, sorry! Custard tart. The spoons literally bounced off it. One person was sick. The saviour of the evening, was the bread, which we ate gratefully. Incidentally, the restaurant was called "Bar de Fleurs". We would have probably preferred eating flowers to what we were given.

The next morning we had breakfast, the same as before, and just as nice.

Our last meal in France was bound to be good. We were each given fifteen francs and sent off to buy our lunch. Luckily there was a hamburger restaurant about twenty yards from the hotel. So some of us went there, others went elsewhere.

One of the things about France was the similarity in the food. We hardly noticed the difference.

While in France we were given a lot of spare time to roam around the town. There were many different shops, either full of babbling French people, or empty, which meant that you were alone with a shop-keeper whose attentions were firmly fixed on you. Most of us coped quite well in the shops. We had no trouble in getting presents in most cases. One shop, a Confiserie, was particularly difficult. Sign language came in handy there. It was totally different from Slough.

There were shops everywhere. It took a very long time to cover them all. Each shop seemed to be different from the one previously. The Patisserie was a place where croissants and the like were sold. The Confiserie was where sweets could be bought. They were very similar to English sweets. The Cafe-tabac was where we bought our stamps. It was usually very full. The Boulangerie was full of newly baked loaves, or "baguettes". We also saw some Cremeries. There were supermarkets, like the Co-op, and very large department stores like "Monoprix" and "Nouvelles Galeries". These were like Woolworths and Owen Owen. "Monoprix" was useful for buying presents.

There were record shops, and a great deal of shoe shops, with fashionable trainers filling the windows. These shops were very popular. There were many gift shops, as we expected. Overall, the shops were not all that different from those in England.

STEVEN ROWNTREE 2B.

THE FRENCH TRIP (cont'd)

When we travelled back on the ferry the sea was much more calm and I wasn't feeling as sick as I did before. I was both happy and sad. Happy to go back home, but I was sad to leave France.

As usual most of the party went straight to the arcade machines. The most popular game by far was Track and Field. Also on the way back we had to give back our small booklets about Rouen to be marked. The best booklet was Ashad's.

KULDIP ATWAL 2M.

On behalf of the group we would like to thank Mr. Hughes and Mrs. Toms for organising this trip - which we very much enjoyed.

* * * *

MEMORIES OF ITALY

It was 5.45 pm on a cold, wet Thursday evening. Amongst the mountains of luggage tottering precariously beside the main doors of the School were a number of excited and impatient people. The coach still hadn't arrived. Peering out from under his umbrella, Mr. Rogers glanced at his watch and sighed. We considered hi-jacking the local 'Mr. Whippy' ice-cream van parked outside the School, and ordering the 'Italian' driver (who came from Chalvey) under the threat of sabotaging his Cornettoes, to take thirty nine people plus luggage to Gatwick airport to catch the flight to Rome. The scene was set for our school trip to Italy this Easter.

Sorrento, in the southern half of Italy was our first port of call at 7.20 am the next morning! This was to be our H.Q. for a series of interesting visits to Pompeii, Herculaneum, the Naples Museum and Vesuvius, under the guidance of the affable, helpful "Hello my friends" Oliver, who was the School-plan guide. His 'pidgin English' coach commentaries proved a little difficult to understand at first as we sat in our seats munching the standard "Continental packed lunch" of concrete rolls, alcoholic cakes and fruit, and we were all relieved when Mr. Rogers occasionally took over in his best 'Oxford English' accent!

Climbing Mount Vesuvius proved to be an arduous and awesome task, up a stony, three feet wide track with a strong wind blowing. However, the view from the top was breathtaking, as you were above the clouds and able to see the vast local sprawl of buildings. At first sight, the crater seemed to be a vast, dust filled hole, but the sight of steam emerging from some cracks in the rocks, together with a faint rumbling sound convinced me, ardent photographer though I am, only to take a few pictures before scuttling back down the stony track to the bottom. Once there, I found, like many others, that a large proportion of Vesuvius had somehow found its way into my shoes.

Rome proved to be the highlight of our trip, despite the accommodation and local food. Meals could only be found after a two minute hike across the streets of Rome, and up several flights of stairs in a neighbouring hotel.

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MEMORIES OF ITALY (cont'd)

The lift looked as though it should have been in the Victoria and Albert, and was deemed unsafe after several members of our party (and some members of staff!) were stranded between floors for ten minutes! Pasta proved to be a part of our staple diet, as it was cheerfully served almost twice a day, the only real variety being the shape of the pasta. However, even the hardships of sharing one bathroom between fifteen people, (and having no plug for the bath) paled into insignificance beside the splendours of St. Peter's and the Vatican. Bernini's statues and Michaelangelo's famous dome and Pieta statue all contributed to the stunning effect of this world famous church. Three days seemed so little time in which to explore the catacombs where the Popes were buried, the Vatican Museum and its several acres of galleries, the Borgia apartments, the Stanze of Raphael and the awe-inspiring Sistine Chapel - with its famous ceiling. We felt very barbaric as we left the magnificent square of St. Peter to reach the hotel in time for lunch, trying to guess the shape of the pasta awaiting us!

Wednesday, April 10th was the lucky morning that our School party marched off to St. Peter's square to hear the Pope give his blessing for Easter. This was an enjoyable privilege, as Pope Paul, (as we learnt later) only gives a certain number of public audiences each year. Sadly, the inevitable pasta intervened and summoned us back to the hotel in the middle of the blessing. We all stood up and walked nonchalantly out of the square towards the bus stop, trying to avoid the stern gazes of the displeased Vatican security guards, and mumbling curses "sotto voce."

However, as we all queued up at Terminal Two in Rome CIA airport, our flight luggage conspicuously heavy, bulging with postcards, Vatican coins, lumps of Vesuvian rock, ridiculously expensive guide books, sunglasses and lollipops with the Pope's head on them, we all agreed that the trip had been a success - educational and great fun at the same time. There was only one snag - we were faced with pasta in the canteen on Tuesday lunch-time.

The thirty-four members of the School who were on the Italian trip would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Orchard, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan and Mr. Rogers for an enjoyable holiday. Our thanks are also due to Mr. Painter and several others who helped to organise and complete all the arrangements.

ANNA HEMMINGS 61HA.

SRI LANKA - A WORKING HOLIDAY

April is not the month to visit Sri Lanka. Unfortunately, the Berkshire Schools' Cricket Association side found itself having to undertake a strenuous tour of the island in this month, because the political situation caused postponement from the original date in December. In April, the sun is directly overhead, the temperature soars over 100°F and is still in the eighties at night, and the humidity is intense. Not surprisingly, illness and injury mounted in the latter stages of the Tour.

Some of the grounds encountered were uninviting, with matting wickets, bare and bumpy outfielders and dressing rooms which are health hazards (stinking toilets, unusable or non-existent showers) all sapped morale as the going became tough. However, off the field, the hospitality was excellent. Boiled and filtered water, home cooking and comfortable, even luxurious houses (though even the richest have lizards and cockroaches in residence) made sure that everyone was kept happy.

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SRI LANKA. - A WORKING HOLIDAY (cont'd)

The heavy schedule of matches and travelling gave little chance for sight-seeing. Everyone visited a tea and rubber plantation (including crossing a crocodile-infested river on a raft). Most were taken to the sights of Kandy, and some managed various adventures on days when they were not playing. The spectacular journey on the Inter-City Express (2½ hours for 50 miles; Cost £1) from Kandy to Colombo was enjoyable, but the trips by road were more hazardous. The dreadful road surfaces, masses of bicycles (each with a passenger on the crossbar), pedestrians, bullock carts and ancient vehicles (it is common to keep the family car for 25 years) created perpetual hazards, despite the national 35 m.p.h. speed limit. Accidents are surprisingly few, however. Two breaks were made at luxurious beach hotels on the journeys to and from the south - which resulted in one serious case of sunburn.

Sri Lanka is a country where the clock seems to have stopped on Independence Day in the 1940's. The richer Sinhalese have taken over the former European clubs and houses; they employ servants; the schools have European names and traditions (e.g. single-sex, corporal punishment, uniforms, school songs) and are huge (up to 10,000 pupils in some; at least 2,000 in most); the English spoken is a trifle old-fashioned. Even the street names are still largely English, and pro-English sentiments are strong. Yet, of course, the island is Asian. Paddy-fields, bazaars, men in sarongs, Buddhists eating with their right hand, bullock carts, oxen, tea plantations, fresh tropical fruit, food laced with chilli - all these remind one that home is a long way away. Everywhere, on any patch of ground, children are playing cricket. Footballs are rarely seen; cricket is the national game, played all the year round. School matches can attract 10,000 spectators. Most players have to stop playing for economic reasons when they leave school, but the standards at school are high. On the day we arrived, Australia U-19s had been vanquished by 8 wickets, and we subsequently played against most of this triumphant Sri Lankan side. Despite the conditions, the standards of Sri Lankan school cricket are far higher than those in England. Any visiting side will receive, as we did, a warm reception in every sense.

D.B.

* * * * *

HOMEWORK

Read this, write that, then learn these words,

It shouldn't take you long
It's really very easy,
You can't possibly go wrong.

I thought weekends were our free time
But this is worse than School!
It's going to take ages
How can they be so cruel?

I've only read two pages
Though it seems like twenty four
I think it's taken ages
But there's still ten pages more.

I started this at two o'clock,
Now it's half past three.
This must be too much homework,
But maybe it's just me!

If I concentrated,
instead of wasting time
I'd probably finish sooner,
So I think I'll end this rhyme!

VIVIEN THORPE 3GR.

'THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE'

The room was warm and well lit by the sun streaming in through the French windows. The cheerful atmosphere of a room, which played host to the careless activities of a young child, was accentuated by a large vase of bright flowers in the centre of the coffee table. The armchairs also contributed in their way to this 'friendly' room being large and inviting, and clustered together as they were, around the table. This picture of happiness was completed by a young girl, of about four or five years, playing happily with her toys on the floor in the centre of the room. As she played, Lucy gave forth gurgles of delight, totally preoccupied in her own little land of make-believe.

The door opened, and Lucy's dreams were broken as her mother and father walked in, bearing the tea things, and talking rapidly.

"Yes, we'll have to sort that out tomorrow" said Mother; the look of anticipation in her eyes was obvious.

"It may take a few days!" said Dad, as he sat down and began pouring out the tea. Mum called Lucy to her.

"After all, there's the money to get together as well as passports and the like, and of course there's Lucy to consider." At the sound of her name, Lucy looked up, her interest raised.

"Are we going out Mummy?" she said excitedly.

"What? Oh yes dear, later" said her mother carelessly. At that moment the doorbell rang.

"That's probably Elaine," said Dad, "she said she'd call round today." He quickly got up and opened the front door revealing a plump, bustling woman, her round face showing its ever-present smile. Aunt Elaine entered and sat herself down with a sigh in the nearest chair, eagerly accepting the cup of tea handed to her by Mother.

"Now, when is it you're off on this cruise then?" she said, addressing herself to her brother, "honestly, I do envy you, sailing off for two weeks with nothing to do but put your feet up and sit in the sun!"

This dialogue burst forth before Dad could interject, and he looked over towards Lucy, fearful of her reaction, and the explanation which he would inevitably have to give her.

Lucy had finally got her way and was out walking with her father in the park, but it was not the happy affair which she had hoped. Following her father's explanation that he and her mother were planning a cruise next month, there had been the tantrums and sulks of an only child who was unused to being left out of anything. The two walked silently along the edge of the lake, Lucy's eyes idly following the wanderings of a large model boat whirring towards her. As she watched, uninterested, her eyes suddenly widened. The boat had struck the snag of a branch and was now sinking. As if accentuating the loss, the sky seemed to change in

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'THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE' (cont'd)

colour, as the sun was blotted out by thick rain-bearing clouds. Lucy, absorbed by the incident, suddenly burst forth "I hope that happens to your boat, it would serve you right!"

They were on board a white ship. The sun was shining and Lucy's mother and father were leaning over the side, enjoying the glorious view. Suddenly Lucy ran up and roughly pushed her mother and father against the rail. It gave way slowly, falling the twenty feet or so, to hit the ocean, followed by two turning bodies. Lucy turned away and smiled. Then she awoke with a jerk, hot and sweating, a scream bursting from her lips. Her mother entered the room, and approached the bed, looking worried.

"I, I pushed and you dropped and !" Lucy rambled.

"Don't worry darling! You've just had a nasty dream that's all." Mother took Lucy into her arms and held her tightly.

Three weeks later, Lucy found herself clutching the hand of Aunt Elaine, while waving from the window to her mother and father in their suit-case laden car. As they drew away, bound for Southampton and the two-week cruise, Lucy left her place at the window, and set her mind on other things. She now accepted her mother and father's holiday without her, and, although momentarily saddened by their departure, she was looking forward to the constant attention which she would receive from her aunt, who loved to spoil her.

"Let's go out for a walk, Auntie!" she said, pulling at Elaine's hand, "I want to play in the park."

Naturally Lucy got her way, and within twenty minutes they were strolling alongside the lake under a grey sky. Lucy ran ahead, eagerly chasing after the ball which she had thrown close to the water's edge. As she bent down to pick it up her eyes were drawn to an object floating on the lake nearby. It was a white model boat, on its side, with a gaping hole in the keel. Lucy looked up, the tears welling up in her eyes.

"They're going to drown, Auntie!" she said, "they won't come home!"

As if in answer the first drops of the thunderstorm slapped on the pavement beside her, round and big as tenpenny-pieces.

JANE WARREN 62M.

SCHOOL

Adults call it a place of learning
To children it is a place of yearning
for freedom to play,
To be free from this for a day.

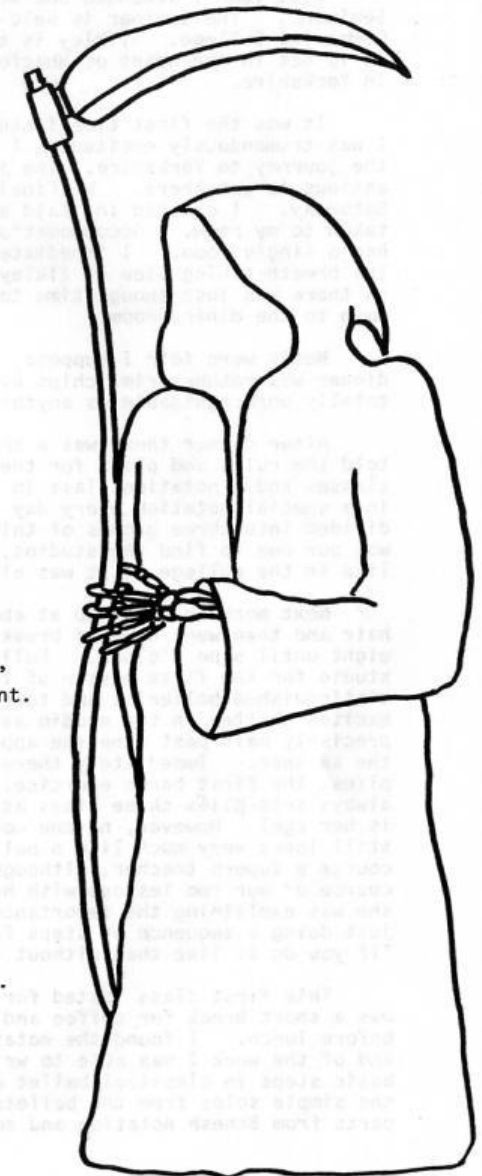
The dream of leaving,
Ignorantly worshipping
Their self-contradicting
slogan,
"We don't need no education!"

MARK SPENCER 3HE.

DEATH

Death is the final business date,
Takes precedence over all else.
It is the final form,
The destiny of everyone.
It waits in dark alleys,
It strikes in the brightly lit corridor.
Appearance means nothing to the
Grim Reaper.
Death is a gun, an unknown disease.
Death is smoking and fast food.
It is the end to a beginning,
However short or long.
It is the throw of a die,
Six - Tough luck, the game is over.
For some the die is weighted,
But it will get you,
No matter how avoided.
Some court Death for the thrill involved,
Some cannot wait for the final appointment.
And who knows what happens,
Is there really a God?
Or is there some doubt?
Have we a soul?
Or are we just part of the ecosystem?
More to the point is Hell hell
Or is it quite nice?
I think I can wait
No premature action for a premature date.

ALEX DIXON 62HE.



A VISIT TO YORKSHIRE

Last year I attended one week of the five week 'Yorkshire Ballet Seminar'. The seminar is held in Ilkley at the Bradford and Ilkley Community College. Ilkley is the ideal setting for a ballet seminar as it is set in the heart of Wharfedale, one of the most picturesque dales in Yorkshire.

It was the first time I had ever been away from home alone and so I was tremendously excited as I got into the car with my parents to begin the journey to Yorkshire. The journey seemed very long because I was so anxious to get there. We finally arrived at about half past four on the Saturday. I checked in, said a fond farewell to my parents and was taken to my room. Accommodation was in single and double rooms and I had a single room. I immediately went to the window and looked out at the breath-taking view of Ilkley moor. Dinner was at six o'clock and so there was just enough time to unpack my things, before finding my way down to the dining-room.

Meals were fair I suppose, breakfast and lunch being pretty good but dinner was rather grim, chips every day and puddings which were sometimes totally unrecognisable as anything.

After dinner there was a short introductory meeting in which we were told the rules and plans for the week. There were to be two ballet classes and a notation class in which we learnt how to write down dances in a special notation every day and on most evenings a lecture. We were divided into three groups of thirty each and then the rest of the evening was our own to find the studios, games room, television room and such like in the college. It was all terribly exciting.

Next morning I got up at about half past seven, got dressed, did my hair and then went down to breakfast which was served from a quarter past eight until nine o'clock. Following breakfast, I made my way to the studio for the first lesson of the week. We were to be taught by the distinguished ballerina and teacher Dame Alicia Markova. There was much excited chatter in the studio as we waited for her to arrive. At precisely half past nine she appeared with David Gayle, the director of the seminar. Immediately there was silence as we waited for her to set plies, the first barre exercise. We soon discovered that Alicia Markova always sets plies three times as slowly as all other teachers, maybe it is her age! However, no-one would believe she was seventy-three. She still looks very much like a ballerina and is very elegant. She is of course a superb teacher, although some of the things she said during the course of our two lessons with her made us laugh. During one lesson she was explaining the importance of performing while dancing and not just doing a sequence of steps for the sake of doing them. She said "If you do it like that without feeling you may as well be a gymnast".

This first class lasted for one and a half hours, after which there was a short break for coffee and then a notation class of the same length before lunch. I found the notation classes very interesting. By the end of the week I was able to write down the notation for many of the basic steps in classical ballet and also to read the notation for some of the simple solos from the ballets. Professional dancers learn all their parts from Benesh notation and so the classes were invaluable.

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A VISIT TO YORKSHIRE (cont'd)

After lunch there was another class from two o'clock until half past three. This one was taught by Judith Sinclair an ex-dancer of the Royal Ballet. This was a class in character dancing and great fun.

After dinner two dancers from the London Festival Ballet, Jacqueline Barret and Mark Silver performed two pas de deux, one from "Cinderella" and one from "Napoli", and Beryl Grey talked about them. It was most enjoyable.

Monday followed much the same pattern as Sunday with classes again with Markova and Judith Sinclair. In the evening the designer Peter Farmer gave a very interesting talk. He said "The Sleeping Beauty" was the hardest ballet to design. He said that he will be given between three weeks and three months to design a ballet. When he designs a new ballet he goes by the music, but he wishes more choreographers would collaborate with the designer.

On Tuesday the two lessons were taught by Beryl Grey. I found her lessons very enjoyable and very valuable. Her favourite phrase was "The floor is your best friend". A ballet dancer should always use the floor to help her. It seems to me that the pianist playing for Miss Grey's classes needs to be as talented as she is. I remember in one class she wanted a certain piece of music from the ballet "Giselle". She started to hum the tune vaguely and asked the pianist to play it. To my surprise the pianist was able to play the exact piece of the ballet she wanted, from memory, just like that.

On Tuesday evening we were lucky enough to be shown a rare archive film of the dancing of Anna Pavlova. It was most absorbing.

On Wednesday we again had two classes with Beryl Grey, and as there was no lecture, it was a free evening.

On Thursday and Friday the two classes each day were given by Ronald Emblem, also an ex-dancer of the Royal Ballet and a teacher at the Royal Ballet School. Two of the four lessons were repertoire classes in which we learnt two of the fairy dances from the "Sleeping Beauty". These classes were highly amusing as Ronald Emblem turned out to be quite a character. I do not think I will ever forget the way in which he used to pull his trouser legs up a bit and start prancing around the room like a fairy. It amused everyone. Perhaps it is not surprising that he is renowned for his performance in the Clog Dance from the ballet "La Fille Mal Gardée".

On Thursday evening there was a display given by the "Kinsella School of Irish Dancing". This was most interesting as I had never seen any Irish dancing before. On Friday evening there was a recital of popular classical music, including ballet repertoire played by Jack Maguire on the violin and Sylvia Maguire on the piano. This was also very enjoyable.

When one was not working there was no shortage of things to do. One could go down and look around the lovely little town of Ilkley or just

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A VISIT TO YORKSHIRE (cont'd)

walk in the college grounds and watch the ducks in the pond. These ducks turned out to be rather vicious at times. I remember one evening when I went down to the pond with a couple of friends one of whom was eating an apple. What we did not realise was that the ducks were very partial to a bit of apple and they started to waddle after us. Sally had to finish eating her apple standing on the park bench by the pond, as it was the only way she could eat it in peace.

It is peculiar to be surrounded by lots of people with Yorkshire accents. I remember being a little late for my afternoon tea one day and the tea-lady who was just about to pack up, said "By gum you just caught me in time". I thought it was really quite funny.

I made quite a few friends during my visit and I still write to one of them, Sally.

All in all I had a simply fantastic time and I think I learnt a great deal from my visit.

FIONA CATER 3HA.

* * * * *

EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL INTERFERENCE

Lucas Arfguond casually strode into the bar. The tough-guys on various tables glanced up at him curiously, even menacingly perhaps. He smiled back. "Good morning, gentlemen!" He nonchalantly took his pistol out of his Plastosuit and raised it levelly, pointing it towards the barman. "I would like a double leopard-sweat and soda please. On second thoughts, make it a treble. I feel a bit thirsty this evening." A leopard-sweat was the strongest alcoholic drink in that corner of the universe. Lucas looked with disgust at the quivering mass of waiter which came trembling over with scum-green eyes and fungoid eyebrows. "H-h-here you a-a-are, s-sir," said the jelly. Lucas gulped down the drinks. On his way out he passed the tough-guys. "Cheers, guys! I hope we meet again sometime." He exposed his blue-stained dentures at the leader of the gang, who nearly vomited at the sight.

Arfguond casually strode to the nearest trading ship. He bared his teeth at the figure inside, pleased with the effect it had had last time. The pilot opened the door and let him in. "Ah," said Lucas, "I will soon be rid of this backward, unsophisticated, naively law-abiding, inconvenient little planet!" The pilot nodded enthusiastically whilst perspiring rapidly, although he hadn't understood most of the words that Lucas had used. The ship started up and was soon in Hyper-Speed.

However, soon after the ship had started up, the pilot jumped on Lucas from behind. Lucas shouldn't have been caught out like that. He had been lulled into a false sense of security. Lucas bent over and

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EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL INTERFERENCE (cont'd)

pressed a button labelled "Activate Jetpac" on his belt. The unsuspecting man found himself battered against the metal ceiling. "Sorry, pal," said Lucas cheerfully, "but I don't hold with troublesome passengers!" He took hold of the body as it crashed into his arms. He then threw the limp but conscious lump of pilot out of the door.

All this had been to satisfy his ego. Now he had to work out how to fly the ship. "Aha!" he ejaculated as he noticed the inconspicuous but remarkably useful button "Autopilot". He pressed it, relaxed in the chair and put his feet up.

"Hello sir or madam," whined a recognisably synthesised but disembodied voice from somewhere on the control panel. "Shut up! You're a computer program designed to fly this ship. Now unless you want to crash very nastily and noisily, I suggest you get on with it - and cut the waffle!!"

"I'm sorry sir or madam, but I am very friendly and willing to chat, to while away th - "

"Shut UP!" said Lucas and gave the machine a kick.

The machine obeyed. A few hours later, while Lucas was peacefully sleeping off his "leopard-sweats", the computer ventured to converse with Lucas again. "Excuse me, sir or madam," it said, "but there is a slight malfunction."

"What!" said Lucas, not sounding very fit - which wasn't very surprising considering the amount of alcohol that had been swirling through his veins. His brain had a direct link with his vocal cords, without even a glimpse of intervening sense.

"We have, er, crashed into a planet, actually, sir or madam," replied the sheepish computer.

"Well, this is where I exit, I'm afraid. Thanks for all the exciting times we've had together, mate," quoth Lucas, staggering out of his nocturnal position and attempting an unsuccessful bow. "But before I go, there is just one thing I think I ought to know. What is the surface like down there?"

"Not very welcoming, sir or madam! A very large marsh stretches over the area just here and it looks fairly menacing. I'd be very careful if I were you. Goodbye, human, it was great to know you."

"If it was possible for a computer to break down and cry," thought Lucas, "it would probably happen now." With this superior attitude he leapt out of the ship and landed in the marsh. It was only then that he realised how stupid he had been. It wasn't a good idea to leap out into an unknown marsh on an unknown planet, with no food or supplies.

Two hours later, an exhausted character in a very muddy Plastosuit and with very weary limbs collapsed on a piece of hard ground at the edge

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EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL INTERFERENCE (cont'd)

of the marsh. Lucas had been spoilt, as far as surroundings went, and had never encountered anything so rough and inconvenient, anywhere except in the boxing ring (and his games were always rigged, anyway, so that couldn't be counted, really).

Lucas just lay on the ground, moaned, groaned, swore and generally felt sorry for himself. He had recently discovered that his leg was broken, after trying to walk. Any of his previous fighting partners would have laughed to see Lucas Arfguond like this - the Hero of the Highwaymen, the Bar-Room Brawler, the Terror of Terra Nova, lying on a piece of rock with a broken leg, doing nothing to help his fate except feeling sorry for himself.

It was at the beginning of the second day, when the hunger pangs and the dreaded thirst first began to set in, that the insects came. Hundreds of them, even hundreds of thousands of them, all crawling around him and on him. At first, Lucas was horrified and frightened by them, but that soon gave way to familiarity. It was seeing these creatures go about their daily life, under him, over him and around him, that made him realise how sad it was that he himself was going to die for nothing. He would not die for a fabulously celebrated medical cause, nor in a massive fight, nor from drink or drugs or anything else stylish, but from the simple fact that he had been stupid enough to leave his warm, safe ship for this marshy, uninhabited planet and that he had injured himself in the foolish attempt.

Whilst he was in this suicidal ("Ha! the irony of it," thought Lucas) state of mind, it came as a great surprise to him when one of the insects spoke to him. Yes, really, it actually spoke to him, in the standard Esperanto of the Galaxy, Common Galactian.

It said, "Could you teach us how to build a bridge, to cross the giant river at the estuary, since you seem to be an intelligent human being!"

So the conversation continued, and Lucas elicited several interesting facts first, that the river was in fact a slight trickle of water out of the marsh, which the insects (I know not the name of their species, it was not found on any of the more densely populated worlds) did, indeed, seem to have great difficulty in crossing during their foraging expeditions. Second, that he WAS, in fact, an intelligent human being, and would be able to direct the insects sufficiently well for them to build a safe and reliable bridge.

The next day, Lucas was very dehydrated, and began to realise that he would never see a human face again (except in the Afterlife, of course, in which Lucas had never believed). He was beginning to appreciate the company of the insects more and more, and the insects began to appreciate Lucas more and more, because of the things he was doing to help them. He had taught them all he knew (well, almost all, because bank-robbing insects aren't exactly the most popular animal training achievement in the universe, are they?) One side effect of this was a very sore throat, because it was dry and parched even without continual talking on his part. But Lucas didn't mind, because he could see a civilization evolving in a few hours in what would have taken thousands of years.

On the fourth day, Lucas Aegemilio Arfguond died.

MATTHEW PERRET 3HA.

'MOTHER ON A STRING'

There was just half an hour left and the evening meal was still not even in the oven. Plates lay forlorn on a hurried table and the scrape of knives and forks which usually resounded at this time was yet to come. The dinner would not be ready, it was inevitable. Even the cat had not been fed, and was whining and meowing under rushed feet. "Less haste, more speed" as the old saying goes. On the window sill lay a crumpled puppet. The Mother was at an utter loss. There was just half an hour left before the curtain went up and ideally she would have liked to have been already there. Ever since she had taken a more active role in the theatre, actually making the puppets which she made sing and dance, she had been in this rush before every performance. Her thin lips pursed as she despaired over a limp, pathetic sauce. She cringed at the blare from the television in the neighbouring room and in contrast heard the laughter of her youngest daughter.

She was the very soul of her puppets - their creator; she pulled the strings of their every move. A smile passed over her lips as she thought of the blushing wooden faces of the "little girl" dolls and the boastful grin of a boy. She had painted every emotion onto the blank bareness of the smooth rounded wood, transforming it into a head, a face which glowed; alive.

"Mummy, come and watch me dance!" - she had heard her eldest daughter tapping and thumping away upstairs.

"Please don't disturb me now, darling, you can see I'm busy." The Mother remembered her pleasure on learning that her daughter wished to be a dancer. She remembered how she too, had once wished to dance. She envied her daughter now, wishing within her jealousy that she could control her dances, her delightfully light feet, in the way that she could control her puppets. Or rather that her puppets could be made to dance in the way that her daughter could.

"Mummy, come and watch; please!" The plea was drawn out in an agitated whine which rang in unison with the cat.

"Ask 'Boy Blue' and 'Ginny' to watch, they will love it, I'm sure!" Her daughter seemed satisfied. She danced off, performing a pirouette at the door, determining her exit like a true dancer. 'Boy Blue' and 'Ginny' had been two gift dolls which the Mother had presented to her daughters after her "first night" in the theatre. She had made the puppets herself and insisted on them being the best she had ever created.

The television continued to drum in her ears and her small daughter continued to giggle at the comedy. The cat still meowed and still got under her feet as she moved from place to place within the little world of her kitchen. Her sauce still wallowed. She looked at her watch and quickened her movements as a consequence. Every sound soon faded into the distance as a car might pass one on the road but soon becomes a dream as the sound of its engine gradually becomes less and less. She continued stirring the sauce, looking hard into its depths; seeing nothing.

Suddenly the Mother's senses were awakened by a scream. As if in slow motion she flung round, a look of horror spreading across every

/cont'd

'MOTHER ON A STRING' (cont'd)

crevice of her face. The slow motion continued as she fought against the weariness which seemed to push against her limbs and against her every movement, climbing her slow, desperate way upstairs. It was as if some invisible line was pulling her in this direction, as she had pulled the strings of her puppets. She reached her daughter's room. Apprehension held her back for one moment; then her daughter, still in her dancing shoes, flung open the door screaming "Mummy, Mummy!" The Mother brushed past and caught sight of the curtains fluttering in the breeze. She rushed to the window and leant out, looking down at the concrete path below. Suddenly she was struck by the terrible fact of what she saw. Her youngest daughter lay, crushed on the slabs below. She swallowed hard, turning from the window. She remembered the crumpled puppet which lay on the sill in the kitchen and was sick at the thought.

"Why did your sister fall?" she whispered.

"I need an audience to perform properly you know!" her daughter replied with a touch of indignation. The Mother recalled how she always felt her puppets must face an audience in order to give an ultimate performance.

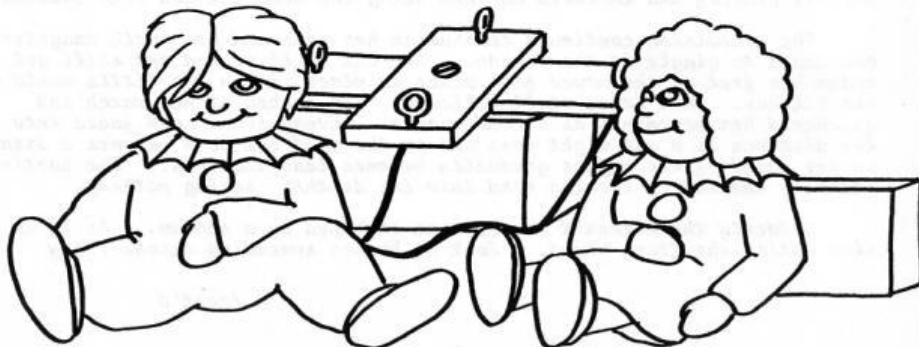
"She was watching me she sat on the window sill " just as the puppet was at that very moment, downstairs in the kitchen, thought the Mother.

" the window wasn't shut properly " The girl didn't finish but shut her lips tightly and turned her face to the ground.

"But I told you to ask 'Boy Blue' and 'Ginny' to watch you!" she said, sick at herself for saying such a silly thing at such a critical moment.

"But they were!" was the little girl's answer. The Mother looked down to one side and saw the two puppets. How could they just sit there, she wondered, with those livid red, horrible grins smeared across their faces? She looked at her watch. There was no more time left; the curtain had fallen.

SUSAN BURKE 62HE.



"MORE THAN 'MEATS' THE EYE"

After drinking orange squash do you suffer from asthma attacks? Or, after eating lemon curd do you come out in a rash?

If the answer to either of the questions is 'yes' the culprit may well be 'tartrazine'. This substance is added to literally thousands of food and drink products to make them 'look appetizing'. It is surprising that even though this substance causes allergies, it is used in drugs! In some cases this dye actually makes symptoms worse.

However, there is another additive, more widely used, which causes even more, far worse, problems. It is called 'monosodium'; widely used in Chinese food. It can cause numbness at the back of the neck and the arms, as well as a general weakness and palpitation (trembling).

This debasing of food is called adulteration. Even hamburgers contain more than 'meats' the eye.

For example the bun may have bleaching agents, powdered chalk, iron compounds (and added vitamins). Steam may be injected to revive a tired bun.

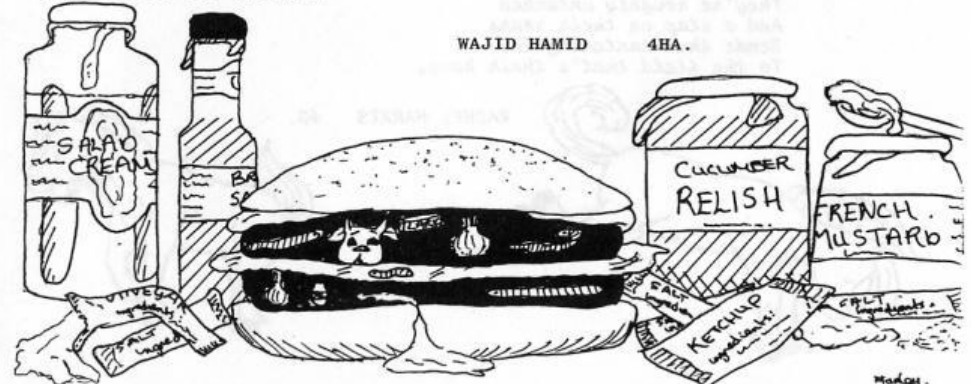
Let us now study the dressings. The mayonnaise: this includes edible gum, acetic acid and, again, dyes. Now for the tomato dressing. It may include stabilizers and preservatives. (It may interest you to know that tomato sauce is 50% sugar. Watch out teeth!) Sweetcorn relish has preservatives, dyes and acetic acid (again!). Green relish has modified starch thickener, emulsifier and dyes.

Finally, the main content - the meat. 'Pure beef' can include liver and lungs! (Lamb and pork are used more often.) Even horse meat is not unusual. Standard extras include - flavour enhancers, preservatives, water and sodium polyphosphates (these retain the water).

Foreign bodies may include metal shavings, traces of antibiotics and so on.

Even the cheese does not escape. It contains emulsifying salts, preservatives and dyes.

So now you'll probably think twice before you buy your next hamburger. That's food for thought!





HORSES

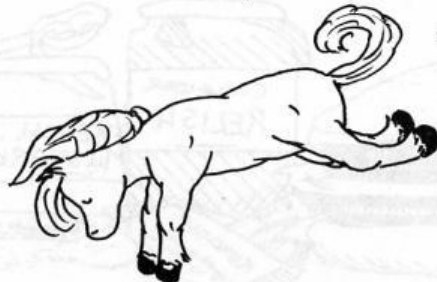
The young sleek ponies,
Friskily rear and buck in the sunshine.
Their elders stand, not moving an inch,
Recalling their youth and the fun they had.
The hay in a corner is left forgotten,
While all eyes are watching the riders climbing



the gate
Drawing them nearer with the titbits in hand,
Carrots and mints and apple cores.
They're saddled and bridled without any fuss;
The bits in their mouths are pushed into position,
By a sloppy wet tongue and mouldy yellow teeth.
The first trot is enthusiastic,
The second less so.



Snatches of leaves are tempted from trees
But the riders pull on the reins,
And the horses look forward once more.
Open country is spotted,
An eager young pony is raring to go,
But is held back strongly,
By the large girl on his back.
Now it is safe;
The horses are given their heads.
They take off,
Secretly racing;
They're pulled back before the hedge,
They were going to jump,
But the girls are less confident.
The ponies sense they're returning home,
And trot faster than ever.
They're roughly untacked
And a slap on their rears
Sends them cantering in,
To the field that's their home.

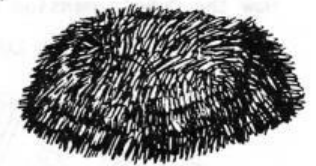


RACHEL HARRIS 4G.

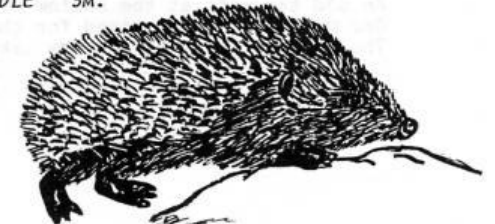


THE HEDGEHOG

It was the end of the day, almost the night;
The sun had gone but left a ray
Of pink and yellow, red and white,
The last reminders of the day;
When we went from the village to the town,
Cycling on the ink-black road,
Up the hilly roads and down
To where the grass had just been mowed;
And found a creature lying there
Still as if dead, even when
I poked it, it had had a scare
From the vehicles of men;
A hedgehog with its prickles sharp,
Stiff hairs - brown, black and white;
Lying in the creepy, dark,
Cold gutter of the night.
I dismounted my bike,
And knelt beside the ball
Of sharp and flea-ridden spikes.
I heard my mother call,
But I did not want to go.
I looked into its face,
Only a baby, thought I was foe;
If only he hadn't gone to the fated place.
I picked up my bag
And tipped its contents to the ground,
(My mother called but still I lagged,
I shouted out what I had found),
And picked the hedgehog up in it,
Looked to see if any car would come,
I hoped that it would still be fit
Enough for it to run back home.
I carried it across the lane,
Its prickles poking through,
And then it came alive again
Just as I hoped it would do.



AMY TWEDDLE 3M.



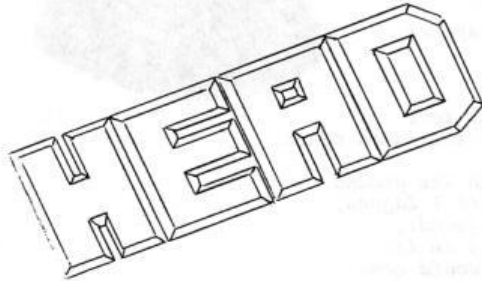
HEADLINES

Thatcher's party takes a nose-dive
Is Russian Diplomat still alive?
Six inch blanket over Devon
What's it like up there in Heaven?

Brits win war at Cockleshell Bay
Embassy siege - will it finish today?
Seven dead in horrific crash
Is it really the end of "Mash"?

The Lions hit United for eight
The opening of the Gibraltar Gate
Is Botham going to retire?
How the Duke's mansion caught fire.

NATHAN LOWE 4HA.



Arctic conditions over Britain and Europe
Famous actor dies in grief
Pound falls to equal dollar
Spokesman says Queen's speech was too brief.

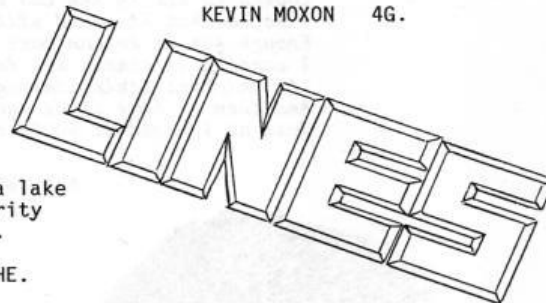
Missile was alleged to be heading for Hamburg
Gas explosion kills nine
Government spending goes down
Famous Actor's condition is fine.

KEVIN MOXON 4G.

Snow causes chaos on our roads
The battle goes on in the East
Rich Duchess in death case
'No cause for alarm' say police.

The cup is won in the last second
An old aircraft at the bottom of a lake
One million pounds raised for charity
The world's largest birthday cake.

RUPERT KNIGHT 4HE.



'VILLAGE CELEBRATION - HINDU-FASHION'

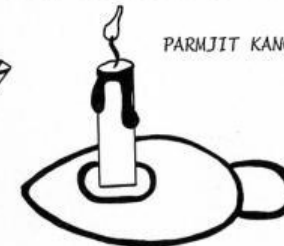
"Dewali" is an old Indian festival. The Hindus celebrate it for the home-coming of their banished king, Rama, his wife Sita, and his younger brother Lakshman. The Sikhs celebrate it because also on the same day, but in another year, their sixth guru or leader, Har Gobind, was released from the nasty clutches of the Moghuls. The festival takes place in November or October, but is always on the same day on the Indian Calendar and must be the most famous Indian festival in the western world. It is taken very seriously in India and a holiday is declared on the day. Even though it is celebrated with great pomp and ceremony in large towns and cities, it is, I think, the village celebrations that are the best and really worth seeing.

On the morning of the celebration everyone, especially the little children, wake up very excited. They feel just like Christians would feel when they wake up on Christmas Day. The day is spent in preparing everything for the celebration which takes place in the evening, when the sun has set. The whole village is busy making Indian sweets such as "burfi" which is sweet, dried fresh whole milk, and, in my opinion, one of the best of all the Indian sweets. I will even go so far as to say it is even better than chocolates. Another sweet made is "bhasin" which is made from gram flour. It is not quite as nice as "burfi" but is all right. Another sweet and perhaps the most popular, is "ladoo". You will never find an Indian festival or party where this sweet is not served. Also savoury foods are made, the most popular being "samosae" which can be called the equivalent of the English Cornish pasty but so much better, because the pastry is so much lighter and crisper.

Towards the afternoon the most important part of the "festival of lights" is made, the "dewae" or tiny little lights. They are made of clay with wick dipped in oil placed in them. These "dewae" are then placed in all the windows, in the doorways, on the roofs of all the buildings in the village, with great enthusiasm from everybody. The firework display is then arranged. In the evening the "dewae" are lit and they shine like little stars in the dark.

Soon after that the firework display takes place. All the village gathers round a fire like one large, happy family. The firework display is usually quite spectacular and it really is a pleasure watching the faces of the excited little children. Sometimes dummies of Raven, the ten-headed demon which Rama is supposed to have killed, are burnt in the fire just like the English burn Guy Fawkes on Bonfire Night.

After the fireworks it's off home to enjoy all the goodies prepared earlier on. Sometimes a very religious family might go to the temple to sing, with bells to accompany them. Then before going to bed everyone makes sure that a light is left on in the house so that the goddess Lakshmi can find her way into the house to spread all her goodness.



PARMJIT KANG. 4GR.





'SPEED'

I forced open the garage door against the howling wind. The rain splattered against my leathers as I slid the bolt that would hold the door steady, deep into the soft earth. The night was clean and electric. The wind bit into my exposed face, I hastily donned my helmet, my wet skin scraping against the foam inside of my headgear. The door bowed and warped with the force of the wind, the elements hurling torrents of rain in a violent display of anger. I returned to the garage, the rain smashing into the corrugated roof as an impatient child knocks down a brick tower.

I approached the machine with a kind of reverence, the gleaming red and black paint work reflecting with a distorted image, the bare bulb which made a feeble attempt to illuminate the cold garage. I wheeled the bike out with some difficulty as the large engine made it unwieldy to push. The tyres sank into the mud as I paused to kick the sodden door shut. "Two hundred miles", I thought as I mounted the Kawasaki GPZ 900 and started her, the engine coughing into life and roaring above the storm, which raged with such intense ferocity as I had never seen or heard before.

I rolled up to the roundabout, my brakes screeching in the wet as I stopped to let a lone car go around before me. I was looking forward to the next stretch of road as I knew it to be reasonably straight and in good condition. I pulled away and blipped the throttle, the revs rising. I watched the speedometer. The wind buffeted the bike from the left. The speed began to rise, fifty, sixty, I felt the adrenalin begin to pump, my body tense against the yowling wind. I wiped my visor. My hands started to sweat and I knew I was now illegal. I began to smile, the smile turned into a laugh as my hand and foot worked together to select third gear. The engine revolutions began to rise once more.

I saw the corner, well in advance, my mind turning over information rapidly into my consciousness; "no overhanging trees, no leaves, no manholes, no lights ahead, no telltale vibration of the handlebars which meant gravel." All this took a split second. I set the bike up "down the middle of the road, helmet over the white line." The bike tipped, but held its line, the headlamp cutting a razor sharp slice of darkness out of the night. The bike leant and I could feel the speed pushing me into the saddle as I hurtled round the bend. My mind had blocked out everything but the lights and the bike. I slowed down to pass a car going slowly on the opposite side of the road and my mind snapped back into reality, the wind and the rain becoming all too apparent as I then noticed the alarming way in which the bike was pitching.

The wind was strong, the elements fighting against the speed; the two vying for control of the bike. I knew a z-bend to be approaching rapidly. Again my mind raced, silently calculating distances. Thunder roared and lightning ripped the sky, illuminating the road for a split second.

I reached the motorway and the storm had ceased to torment the atmosphere. The speed began to rise, "nearly a ton and a half"; his words came back to me as I crouched low and pushed man, mind and machine to the limit.

A THANK YOU AND AN APOLOGY

First - the apology. Interest in the magazine has increased during the last year and I have been offered some excellent items, both art work and written. Unfortunately, there has simply not been enough space, to include all that I would have wished to do. Some of you have criticised the content of the magazine - do not be so negative! Write the sort of pieces you want to read and be sure to offer them to me for the next edition.

Second - a thank you, to all whose contributions have been printed - pupils and staff - and to all who have helped to make the editor's job easier. Thanks again to Mrs. Mercy - and above all to Mrs. Whatling, whose good humour, patience and technical skills have been invaluable.

M.A.D.

